CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

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Editorials

TEN PLAGUES THAT AFFLICT TORONTO JEWRY

Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath

Excerpts from Passover Sermon at Holy Blossom Synagogue.

Although most of us today no longer believe in miracles and thus discount somewhat the story of the Ten Plagues read each Seder night, still, it cannot be denied that the kernel of truth is there; a helpless and hopeless people, a weak and defenseless band of slaves, led by a meek and stammering prophet, marched forth without resistance from the fetters of their powerful masters after some convulsing and crushing series of calamities had destroyed the morale and sapped the strength of their haughty overlords. Truly a cause for great rejoicing, and for thanksgiving, that at the border of the tiny land of Goshen, the terrifying plagues were stayed; and that into the humble cottages of the Hebrew slaves, their misery and destruction failed to penetrate.

But today it is a different story. Cradled in the arms of Providence in that ancient day and spared the ravages of those dreadful afflictions, we Jews no longer are immune from "the terror that walks by day and the pestilence that is abroad at night," no longer are we free from the disastrous and disruptive forces that have descended like a blight from heaven upon our contemporary world. God continues still to show his "mighty finger;" He continues still to send forth his 'Magefos' to punish and to plague His children when presumptuously and proudly they stray from His path. But we Jews dwell no more in Goshen, with the Torah as our defence, safe from all harm; we are "like all the nations," and many dread plagues are destroying us body and soul, though many of us know it not. What are some of the plagues that afflict Toronto Jewry today? Although we cannot carry out the Biblical parallel in every case, some few are plainly adumbrated by that century old and majestic story.

"Dom," the turning of water into blood. What manner of modern plague does that suggest? To understand what we have in mind it must be remembered that water has ever been one of the most frequently used symbols of our faith. God Himself becomes in Israel's literary and religious lore, "The fountain of living waters." He is like unto "a refreshing water brook after which the heart panteth." The Torah is a vivifying and crystal stream granting life and health to those who imbibe its words; our whole spiritual life is conceived as healing waters; a cleansing fountain—the source of life and strength and faith and joy. Water, throughout our Hebraic tradition, is ever identified with God, with the spirit, with the essence and substance of our Religion.

But, as in Egypt, in the past, so now in our own midst, the water has turned to blood; it has become thick and hard, and its stench smells even to heaven. *The life giving water of the spirit has coagulated into the stagnant mire of Mammon, as the plague of Gold* has descended upon us. As in Egypt where the people worshipped the Nile which had played them false and had turned to blood, so have all our spiritual longings and religious fervors been congealed into that sluggish stream of glittering coins which hath become our god. As King Midas, in the familiar legend, turned everything to gold, even his friends and loved ones, even the very food he needed for his sustenance; so are the waters so necessary for our spiritual survival become like stone in our covetous hands.

(Continued on page 19)

THE EXPECTED VISIT OF JABOTINSKY

The cheering news has reached us that very shortly our community will be afforded the privilege of welcoming and hearing Vladimir Jabotinsky, leader of the Revisionist group in Zionism. One of the most gifted Jews of our generation, and perhaps the most powerful orator of our time, Jabotinsky will command an enthusiastic reception whenever he may choose to honor our city with a visit. But at the present time our eagerness to hear him means more than a readiness to pay tribute to an outstanding personality. We are really anxious to get the benefit of an analysis of the Zionist situation such as Jabotinsky only can present.

Zionism is at present in a chaotic state. A succession of unexpected blows from many directions have thrown the Zionist organization into confusion. The leaders are dumbfounded and have not recovered their bearings. But by the same token the recognised opposition parties are equally out of kelter. Formerly when the Zionist leadership was steering a definite course the opposition headed by the Revisionists was able to follow a definite line of opposition. The debacle has demonstrated the soundness of the opposition's warnings. But with the upheaval in Zionist policy, there has also come an upheaval in the formulas of the opposition. Both the leadership and the opposition are now faced with the need of evolving a new organ now of policies and formulations.

So far nothing definite has come from the camp of the Zionist leadership and we confess that we have been disappointed at the lack of fundamental criticism from the ranks of the opposition groups. True, there are constantly being heard complaints and protests against this or that statement or act by Weizmann. But these criticisms are fortuitous. They do not imply any comprehensive program.

Jabotinsky is a man endowed with remarkable analytical powers. We are looking forward to the opportunity of listening to a presentation by him of his version of the situation in Zionism.

CAMPAIGNS THAT INSPIRE

The softness of spring is already in the air. But our communal season which generally breathes its last at about this time still languishes on. In Toronto two major spasms are scheduled to take place. Next week the Talmud Torah will make its annual appeal for relief from its woes. And shortly thereafter the Keren Hayesod will test the strength of character of the Jewish public.

The good Jews who bend their backs beneath the burden of the two institutions have faith in the sense of responsibility of the commonalty of Jewdom. There is an edifice where Jewish youngsters are being taught the why and wherefore of being a Jew. And our Jewish storekeepers and garment manufacturers are expected to be concerned about the temperature of the Jewish consciousness of a generation of urchins. They will listen to the appeal, and they will give money. Yes, they want Jewish education. They believe in children knowing the "kaddish", and even being able to converse in Hebrew. And likewise when the call will be sounded for contributions to the cause of Palestine, Jews will again swallow lumps in their throats and bring forward their offerings.

We are generally critical, and often scornful, of the senseless turmoil of communal bustling. But there are institutions that are worth

(Continued on page 17)

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MONTREAL SOCIAL

Sam Robinson, of Portland, Me., who was visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Morris Robinson, Decarie Boulevard, is returning home on Friday.

* * *

Mrs. Norman Viner and children, Bishop Street, are visiting in New York. Mrs. G. Katz, of New York, Mrs. Viner's mother, who was visiting here, returned with them.

* * *

Dr. Otto Klineberg, of New York, who was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Klineberg, Dorchester Street West, has gone back.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Roman, 376 Redfern Avenue, were in New York recently to celebrate their 26th wedding anniversary March 16. They also visited their daughter, Fanny, who is studying at the Traphagen School of Fashion, in New York City.

* * *

Mrs. A. Turner, Sherbrooke Street West, entertained at a bridge and tea, Saturday, April 4, in honor of her sister, Miss Irene Luck. Guests were Misses Ida Zangville, Tobie Turner, Tillie Lubin, Irene Luck, Estelle Luck, Lillian Cohen, and Betty Luck; and Bill Cooperman, Bill Louis, Sam Solomon, Mickey Climan, Ben Payne, Arnold Goldstein and Al Asner.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Applebaum, of Flushing, L.I., who were with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kellnor, Elm Avenue, for the holidays, are returning home on Sunday.

* * *

Miss Florence Yaphe, Wilson Avenue, has left to spend three weeks in New York, Philadelphia and Massachusetts.

* * *

Mrs. Henry Potter, of Toronto, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Viner, Hutchison Street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nadler and son, of Toronto, spent the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nadler, Marie Anne Street West.

* * *

Mrs. Sam Bronfman, Belvedere Rd., was at home at the tea hour, Saturday, April 4th, to a group of "Y" girls. Miss Essie Hirsch presided over the tea table, which was decorated with a centre piece of roses. Assisting in serving was Miss Mary Vineberg. Those present were: Mrs. S. Bronfman, Miss E. Hirsch, Mrs. Max Bernfeld, Misses Mary Vineberg, Bertha B. Friedman, Pearl Winer, Nettie Goldman, Betty Sloan, Ann Deskin, Minnie Chananie, Florence Davidovitch, Celia Leitman, Bessie Fish, Esther Milsen, Dorothy Boyaner, Sara Schlesinger, Sara Pashin, Rose Cohen.

* * *

Miss Olga Wiener, Western Avenue, is spending the holidays in New York.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cowan, Sherbrooke Street West, visited for a few days in Toronto, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reinhorn

* * *

Mrs. J. C. Zacks, Marlowe Avenue, motored to Kingston, Ont.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Robinson, Grosvenor Avenue, have returned home after spending the holidays in New York. Mrs. Robinson also visited her sister, Mrs. Paul Arnstein, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, formerly of Boston, Mass.

* * *

Mrs. H. Vinitsky, St. Viateur Street West, entertained at two tables of bridge, Monday afternoon, April 6, in honor of Mrs. L. Nadler, of Toronto. Guests were Mesdames M. Adler, I. Wise, M. Wise, S. Schwartz, M. Finklestein, L. Nadler, J. Leibovitch, V. Aaron, and L. Stavit. Prizes were won by Mesdames J. Leibovitch and L. Stavit.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wechsler and Mr. and Mrs. William Palca, of Toronto, spent the holidays in Montreal.

* * *

Miss Bertha Livinson, York Avenue, spent the holidays in New York.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ralph and family, of Lachute, Que., motored here last Wednesday to celebrate the seder with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Ness, Hutchison Street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. L. Weinstein and family, of Mount Vernon, New York, are visiting Mrs. Weinstein's mother, Mrs. A. Feldman, Jeanne Mance Street.

* * *

Miss Bernice Nadler, Marie Anne Street West, entertained at a bridge Monday night, April 6, in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Louis Nadler of Toronto.

* * *

Mrs. Phil Kaminsky and son, Donald, of Bangor, Maine, are visiting her mother, Mrs. M. Climan, Lajoie Avenue, Outremont.

* * *

Mrs. H. A. Cohen, Durocher Avenue, entertained at a bridge, March 27, in honor of Misses Rose Ginsberg and Eva Bogante.

* * *

Mrs. A. Silverberg, (née Millie Radowelsky), entertained at a bridge at her home April 6, welcoming Mesdames H. H. Lank, L. Vineberg, E. Karol, H. Silverberg, and Misses Betty Bosnack, Anne Goldberg, Freda Lecker, Fay Velman, Claire Silverberg, Joan Lozoff, Tobe Miller and Estelle Halmovitz. Prizes were won by Mesdames H. H. Lank, L. Vineberg and Miss Fay Velman. Miss Claire Silverberg played the piano.

* * *

Mrs. H. Vinitsky, St. Viateur Street West, entertained at a bridge Monday evening, April 6, welcoming Mr. and Mrs. S. Zinman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rabinovitch, Mr. and Mrs. I. Fried, Mr. and Mrs. S. Schwartz, Mesdames N. Pearson, and M. Freeman. Prizes were won by Mrs. N. Pearson and Mrs. J. Rabinovitch.

* * *

Mrs. E. Forcimmer, of Toronto, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Blumenthal, Claremont Avenue.

* * *

Mrs. Alice Miller, of Westmount, has returned from a cruise around the world and is spending three weeks in Chicago.

* * *

J. Ettenberg and daughter, Violet, Haddon Hall, Sherbrooke Street West, have returned from New York.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. I. Tannenbaum, of New York, who spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. M. Tannenbaum, Redfern Avenue, have returned.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Jacobs and family, of New York, have taken up residence at Haddon Hall, Sherbrooke Street West, for a few months.

* * *

Mrs. Lester Levy and son Robert, of Toronto, who were visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. Rubin, Strathcona Avenue, have returned.

* * *

Mrs. George Lengyel, of Richmond Hill, New York, who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Gould, Renfrew Road, is returning this week-end.

* * *

Miss Bertha Rubinstein, Ste. Famille Street, is leaving Miami, Florida, April 20, for home.

* * *

Mrs. L. Rubin and son, Arnold, of New York, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Jacobson, Querbes Avenue, also her aunt, Mrs. M. Rudolph, Champagneur Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Flanders, Beaconsfield Avenue, motored to New York.

* * *

Dr. Florence Abergson, Pickwick Arms, Sherbrooke Street West, left Saturday, on a six weeks' trip to Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and all parts of the United States Coast.

* * *

Miss Gus Amsel, Hutchison Street, is back from New York, where she stayed for three weeks.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. I. Gornitsky, and baby Mervyn, 6 Rachel Street West, are spending the holidays with Mrs. Gornitsky's mother, Mrs. W. Goldberg, Bronx, New York. Dr. Gornitsky will return at the end of the holidays, and Mrs. Gornitsky will remain until the end of April.

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Dr. and Mrs. I. Beinhaker, and daughter, Park Avenue, who spent the Passover holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Brecher, of New York, are returning home April 12.

• • •

Mrs. J. Jacobson and baby son, of St. John, N.B., are visiting her mother Mrs. M. Beecher, Lajoie Avenue, for a few weeks.

• • •

Mrs. D. B. Harris and son, Seymour, of White Plains, New York, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Zellcovitz Maplewood Avenue, for the holidays.

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Y. W. H. A. MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

Girls of the "Y" met to discuss plans for a spring campaign for the collection of dues at the home of Mrs. S. Bronfman, Belvedere Rd., Treasurer of the Y.W.H.A. Officers present were Miss Essie Hirsch, Vice-President; and Miss Bertha B. Friedman, Secretary. Captains: — Misses Pearl Winer, Don Caplan, Dorothy Boyaner, Sarah Schlesinger, Cohen, Libby Selinger, Betty Sloan, Celia Leitman, Anne Deskin, Rose Bessie Fish, Ruth Cohen, Esther Milsen, Florence Davidovitch, Minnie Chananie, Nettie Goldman. Mass meeting Monday, April 13th., at 8.30 p.m.

OPEN MEETING TO PLAN BAZAAR

A bazaar, under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the United Talmud Torahs, is being planned for October 13th and 14th., in the Hebrew Educational Institute, the new Talmud Torah centre which is being completed corner St. Joseph Blvd., and Jeanne Mance St. Open meeting of friends of Talmud Torah takes place Tuesday afternoon, April 14th., when convenors will be appointed.

ESSAY PRIZE TO HONOR MAGNES

Felix M. Warburg, Chairman of the American Advisory Committee, has announced the terms of a prize founded on the 50th, birthday of Dr. Judah L. Magnes, the Chancellor of the Hebrew University in Palestine. The prize, $100, will be awarded for the first time this year for an essay dealing with Arab-Jewish relations from the point of view of ethnography, religion, philology, economics, history and education. A special committee, appointed by Dr. Magnes, is to announce the topic of the essay each year. For the current academic year, the essays will be written on the subject of "Descriptions of Arab Life in Hebrew Literature." The competition will be open only to students of the Hebrew University. Dr. Magnes' tour of the country in behalf of the University will extend to the Pacific Coast, and he will visit the principal cities of the middle west. His first stop was Cincinnati, where he addressed the United Jewish Agencies at their annual meeting April 9th, and he will speak before the Adult Education Association in Cleveland on April 11th.

En route to the Pacific Coast, where he will address audiences in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, Dr. Magnes will visit the Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Arizona, to confer with authorities there on work carried on at the Laboratory, similar to the research now under way at the Hebrew University.

Dr. Magnes is a native Californian and a graduate of the University of Cincinnati and the Hebrew Union College, where he received the degree of Rabbi in 1900. He later attended Heidelberg University, from which he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. While in the active Rabbinate, Dr. Magnes was Rabbi of Congregation Bnai Jeshurun and Temple Emanu-El in New York City. He also organized the Kehillah in New York City, of which he became the head. He was known in this country as an outstanding liberal before he left for Palestine about nine years ago.

Miss Betty Plotnick and Dave Peters were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Peters, of Ottawa, for the Passover holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Max Dworkin, of Ottawa, were hosts at three tables of bridge for them.

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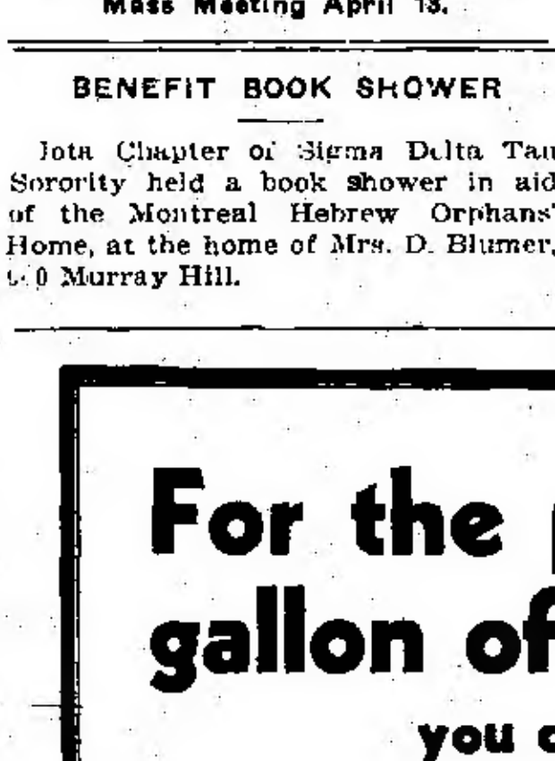

Clarence Michaels, Speaker at Y.W. Mass Meeting April 13.

BENEFIT BOOK SHOWER

Iota Chapter of Sigma Delta Tau Sorority held a book shower in aid of the Montreal Hebrew Orphans' Home, at the home of Mrs. D. Blumer, 6 0 Murray Hill.

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Bar-Mitzvahs

Hirsch Cummings, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Cummings, 2050 Grey Avenue, will be bar-mitzvah Saturday, April 11, at the Shaare Zion Synagogue. Mr. and Mrs. Cummings will be at home, Sunday, April 12, from 4 to 7. No cards.

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ANNUAL DINNER DANCE

Young Men's Social and Athletic Club eighth annual dinner and dance Saturday, April 18th., at the Mount Royal Hotel. Entertainment Committee: Jack Leibovitz, Chairman: M. A. Brotman and N. R. Babins.

M. H. Brotman, President, will be Master of Ceremonies.

Deaths

Mrs. John Spiegel, age 71, died early Monday morning, April 6, at her home 4311 Esplanade Avenue. She is survived by her husband, five sons, Abe, of Los Angeles, Ben, Mischa, of Brooklyn, N.Y., and Harry and Colin of Montreal; also two daughters Mrs. Beatrice Bluestone, of Montreal, and Mrs. Sylvia Fraktman, of Boston, and eight grandchildren. Funeral took place Monday afternoon to Chevra Kadisha Cemetery.

Mrs. Joseph Hopmeyer, formerly Mina Rabinowitz, died Tuesday, March 31, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nathan Brecher, 4393 Esplanade avenue, at the age of 68 years. Born in Rumania, Mrs. Hopmeyer came to Canada 22 years ago, and made her home in Montreal. Her husband, Joseph Hopmeyer, predeceased her in Rumania.

Surviving are seven sons: Morris, of New York, and Harry, Simon, Paul, Albert, Leon and David, of Montreal. Three daughters also survive, Mrs. Nathan Brecher (Gisella), Mrs. Jack Goldstein (Fanny), and Mrs. Maurice Rubin (Rose). Mrs. Hopmeyer also leaves two brothers, both of New York. Her son, Harry Hopmeyer, is a member of the board of Beth David Synagogue, and Simon is past president of Bnai Brith, and a member of Grand Lodge No. 1. The funeral took place from 4393 Esplanade avenue Wednesday April 1 and burial was made at Beth David cemetery.

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The Enemy's Gates

By Richmond Barrett

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(Continued from last week)

Geoffrey did not deny it.

"I wish," she announced after another pause, "you'd try to seem more at home. I wish you'd cross your legs or something, Geoffrey."

"I'm quite comfortable," he returned with measured distinctness.

She snapped her vanity-case shut, tossed it to the other end of the divan and took a cigarette. "Everything's wrong this afternoon, isn't it?" she put it up to him.

"You're determined to make me out in a vicious humor, that's obvious," he haughtily informed her.

"You admitted, a few minutes ago, that you were ugly," she confronted him.

"I said that certain things annoyed me," he corrected the statement. "Reasonable impatience isn't the same as being in a bad mood."

"Blaming me, as usual." She lit her cigarette, inhaled the smoke, then blew out, along with the first vigorous puff from her lungs, an explosive protest. "You're taking some silly grudge out on me and I won't have it."

"I've told you I'd rather you didn't sleep in the drawing-room. That's the extent of my silly grudge." He rapped out the words at an even unhurried tempo.

"That's a lie—you know it is." She shook her head imperiously. "I haven't an idea what your mother's said about me—probably she pretended she liked me. But you're sure she didn't—*damned* sure—and you can't help paying me up for it. You'd better stop it now, Geoffrey." She had risen to her feet and her eye held his. "Because *I* might get started; and if I did, you'd hear a lot that you wouldn't relish. You'd find out a few truths about the kind of people I come from. It would be a mighty dangerous precedent, bringing our families into our arguments. Don't forget that."

"You call this an argument?" he queried politely, his eyebrows uplifted. "As a matter of fact——"

"I do," she interrupted him. "You don't have to talk much, you know, to make it clear just what you mean. Well, I'm different; but when I do get started——"

"Yes, yes, I know." It was his turn to interrupt. "Please don't get started. For heaven's sake, let's leave it all in the air again—so we can at least speak pleasantly the next time we meet." He got up stiffly. "Will you have cooled down to normal by dinner, do you think?"

Without warning, she burst into disgusted laughter. "Oh, Lord!" she cried. "I hate these nasty little brawls—she're so simple-minded." She grasped him firmly by the shoulder and turned him around. "Get out now, Geoffrey. Go off somewhere by yourself."

"I can't see anything funny, anything laughable—" he scolded, struggling to loosen the grip of her strong hand.

"I may not either, if you stay here," she warned. She had piloted him, with irresistible force, to the door. "There!" She threw it open and urged him across the threshold. "Come back for dinner—that's a dear—and I swear I'll be all right. Just leave me alone till then."

"This is absurd, *childish*—" The latch clicked and shut out his scornful protests.

Ever since the evening, almost a year ago, when Geoffrey had given up tormenting George and concentrated his spite on her, she had been in a mood of turbulent confusion. Never having been the victim, till then, of a consistent campaign of persecution, she had not known what to make of the matter. Like a captive lioness, she might thresh about and bare her teeth in a balked menace; but between him and her murderous pounce there had cracked the thin whip of his sarcasm. She had somehow accepted the fact that she was shut up for life, that her alert keeper would forever bar the

(Continued on page 6)

HADASSAH

North End Chapter of Hadassah held a tea and bridge at the home of Mrs. S. Gruber, 90 St. Catherine Rd., Monday afternoon, April 6th. Drawing of raffle on diamond ring was won by Mr. L. Matthews, who donated $10. The ring was donated by J. Moore, jeweller, 1310 St. Catherine St. West. $28.50 was collected for bridge and raffle, and $3 for dues. Mrs. S. Silverman donated $3. Rummage sale Tuesday, April 14th. Next meeting at the home of Mrs. B. Yates, 5411 Grovehill Place.

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Literature Turns Into Eggs

Police heads in Montreal are seeking within the ranks of their subordinates for three detectives against whom warrants have been issued charging common assault. The names of the detectives are not contained in the warrants, for a small boy, whose black eyes give rise to the charges, has not yet been given an opportunity to identify them.

The warrants arise out of a suspected communist meeting, and out of "communist literature," which, when dropped by the small boy who was thought to be carrying it, oozed out onto the sidewalk in yokes and whites of eggs. Three discomfited detectives sought to make amends and find the boy's father, but when he could not be found on the evening of the alleged assault, kicked the boy out of the car, he claims.

For some time a group of young people, interested in current events, social movements and books, have been gathering in private homes under the name of "The Saturday Night Club." There they discussed everything under the sun, agreed and disagreed with one another, and listened to speakers expound their specialties.

After they had gathered in one another's homes for some time, Dr. Frank Mendel, of 5775 Durocher street, allowed them to use his home and there, over tea, they listened to the speakers and carried on their discussions.

On the night of March 14 one of these meetings was held. The guests left around midnight.

David Sugars, son of a St. Lawrence boulevard grocer, was completing his father's deliveries for the day and approached Dr. Mendel's house to deliver a parcel of groceries. As he reached the door, according to his own story, three men pounced upon him, beat him badly and blacked his eyes. As they attacked him his parcels fell and the eggs he carried oozed out onto the sidewalk.

When his attackers saw this they stopped their attack and sought explanations. The boy gathered from what they said that his eggs were supposed to be communist literature, and that they had been watching the house of Dr. Mendel under the impression that it harbored communists.

When young Sugars indicated quite clearly that his interests in life hardly went beyond groceries, and certainly not so far as communism, apologies were offered and the detectives, he claims, tried to make amends. They asked if they could see his father and when he gave them two addresses on St. Lawrence boulevard where he thought his father might be, they took him into their car and started off. Their first stop was at Sugars' grocery store, where they spoke to a clerk, who thought the boy's father might be at the second address. When he was not at that address, the boy declares, they kicked him out of the car and left him to his own devices.

Members of the club got word of the attack and immediately took steps to find the attackers. Outremont police denied that the detectives belonged to that force and admitted that they knew the house had been under suspicion and had been watched by Montreal detectives. Montreal police, while not denying that the house had been watched, could not name the detectives who were assigned to the task.

Subsequently the boy, through J. J. Spector, of the legal firm of Bercovitch, Cohen and Spector, swore out a complaint and a warrant was issued charging common assault against three persons to be identified. That warrant is now in the hands of the Montreal police, who have so far been unable to find the men.

The nature of The Saturday Night Club, which was suspected of communist activities, is best indicated by a partial list of speakers who have addressed it. Among them were G. H. Corbett, secretary of the Society for the Protection of Women and Children; Rabbi Stern, of the Temple Emanu-El; Mrs. Kensit, of the Children's Bureau; H. S. Ross, K.C., Dr. Silverman, of the Mental Hygiene Clinic; C. P. Rice, and A. Heaps, M.P., for Winnipeg North.

Since the attack on the boy and the evidence that the club was suspected of communist activities, it has met twice in the Mount Royal Hotel, advertising its meetings as being open to the public.

Y. M. H. A.

Boxing tournament in the Y.M.H.A. gymnasium on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, April 15th., 16th., and 18th. Fencing Tournament Wednesday, April 22nd. Boys' Week begins Sunday, April 26th., with the Boys' Department Hobbies Exhibit, and will continue for four days.

The Executive of the "Y" Service Club is planning an Old Boys' Day. Joseph Hornstein, is President.

New season begins May 1st. Four courts will be in use through the Tennis Club. Registrations are being accepted.

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Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. J. Usheroff, Hutchison Street, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Ettie, to Louis Gilick, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gilick. Marriage June 7.

The engagement is announced of Mina, youngest daughter of Mrs. Samuel Lindover, Laval Avenue, and the late Samuel Lindover, to Dr. Munsey E. Gross, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gross, Villeneuve Street West. Wedding early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Ellis announce the engagement of their daughter, Molly, to Harry H. (Bobby) Cowan, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Cowan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Sherman announce the engagement of their daughter, Rae, to Sam Laxer, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Laxer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Mandelevsky, Waverley Street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Pauline, to Samuel, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Steinman, Jeanne Mance Street.

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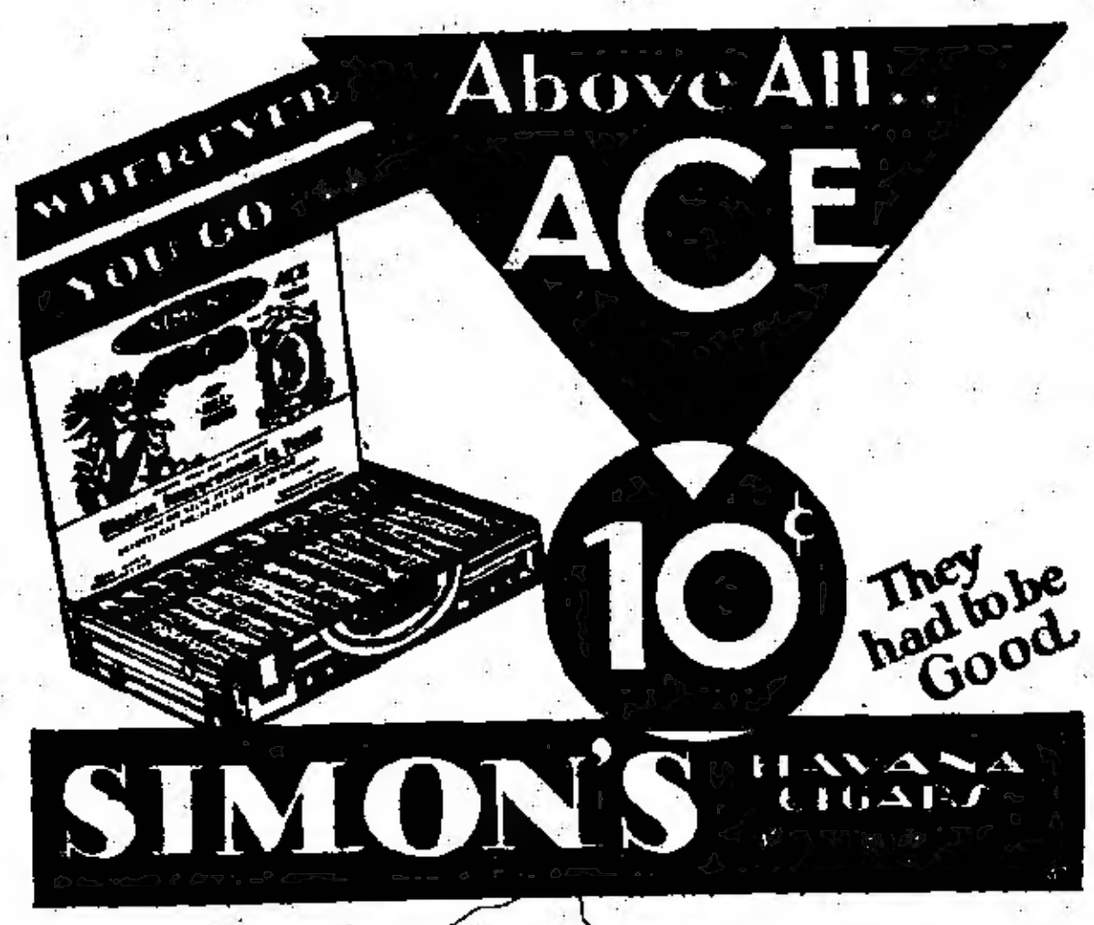

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Contributing Editors
Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath Rabbi Harry J. Stern

I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire to Helvetius

Canadian Jewish Review invites correspondence on subjects of interest to the Jewish people, but disclaims responsibility for endorsement of the views expressed by the writers. All correspondence must be signed with the full name of the writer.

APRIL 10, 1931 VOLUME XII, NUMBER 15

THE ENEMY'S GATES

(Continued from page 4)

way against her freedom. That the marriage was all wrong she had understood from the start; but her repudiation of her father had indirectly worked to Geoffrey's advantage and given him an exaggerated importance in her eyes. His claim upon her had defeated Morgenthal's; therefore, in her robust consciousness, he had become a dangerous power. Her muddled state, however, had not survived the visit of his parents. They had left her with a mind swept clean of all untenable conceptions. She had taken him in, all over again; she had definitely and finally classified him. He was narrow, picayune, provincial; and she'd been a plain damned fool.

While Geoffrey shrank under her gaze, the apartment gradually contracted to the proportions of a doll's-house. The four servants—a butler, a cook, a parlor maid and Jessica's own personal maid—seemed to take up a tremendous amount of room. There wasn't enough work to keep them busy. Geoffrey claimed that the place was run on a scale of wanton extravagance. "We might at least get rid of Wilcox," he would complain. "He does nothing but collect perquisites." But Jessica remained obdurate. She wouldn't have known how to get through the mornings without giving brusque orders to a man-servant. Wilcox was invaluable: he helped her to kill time; and, incidentally, he increased the expense of the general upkeep. She wanted a thief and a liar around; she had a positive horror of little bills from the tradesmen. Though she couldn't live riotously any more, she was determined to go on being wasteful in a small way. Of course asparagus, even out of season, didn't cost others what it cost her. She didn't care. When the Morgenthals had been rich, they were always being "done." She'd die sooner than make herself over into the conventional housewife who knew the price of sugar a pound and who insisted on impeccable virtue and absolute probity in her employees. Wilcox probably *was* the parlor-maid's lover; for her part, she hoped so. Scandals below-stairs had formed a pleasurable part of her experience, ever since she had taken charge of her father's houses. Jessica had no use for reforms; her policy was to reproduce in miniature the former lordly regimen, to go through heroics in the old grand manner on a stage set for opera bouffe. She could not, however, keep up her spirits for long. She had many a day of furious depression. Sometimes the telephone didn't ring for an entire morning. There were never great piles of mail now: the Fifth Avenue shops, the Fifty-Seventh Street dressmakers and milliners sent fewer and fewer announcements—all those engraved cards she'd thrown into waste-baskets in the past, how she missed them at present! Miss Morgenthal had been a person who meant something to New York; Mrs. Clarke was being scratched off some merchant's mailing list every day in the week. Going out to buy clothes had ceased to be a triumphal progress. Morton had lost interest in her wardrobe. "You know the sort of thing you look best in," he would tell her in bored accents. "I'd love to go with you —but I'm dated up." It had become a positive ordeal for her to enter Bendel's Tappé's. She felt untidy and shopworn; she could almost believe the day would come when she'd be apologising to clerks for her intrusions into smart places.

Geoffrey, a member of a frippery little law firm, had developed a maddening sense of duty. Jessica grew to hate that word *duty*. He possessed an uncanny skill in making her income cover their expenses. Bills were paid promptly on the second day of every month. The fact that the funds lasted showed how pinched her imagination had become, how crippled her daring. She might think she was carrying on the reckless Morgenthal tradition; but her apparent extravagances turned out, upon investigation, to be very trivial. Geoffrey's stinginess was glaringly obvious to her now; and he was teaching her the shoddy habit. Sitting up, stiff and magisterial at his desk, he would jot down the amounts of the checks, add the figures and announce the total aloud.

"It's nonsense — criminal nonsense," he would always conclude. "How *can* you let yourself be cheated and overcharged like this, Jessica? It's really a sort of dishonesty with you. One has a certain duty to oneself."

"Oh, duty, duty!" she would bluster. "When I overdraw, it'll be time to worry about being overchanged, won't it?"

"What delirious common-sense!" he scoffed. "What priceless ethics!"

"This just won't do—this'll *never* do," Jessica had at last decided. "If I don't look out, I'll turn into a drudge."

Then, by a providential stroke of fortune, she had all at once fallen in love again.

Leaving the apartment, on the morning that was destined to be the commencement of a new epoch, she had swung out of her side street and swept along Fifth Avenue with the impetuous speed of a person taking a staircase three steps at a time. She had just learned that she was still of some importance in New York, that she hadn't sunk out of sight yet. She kept telling herself that there was no sense in getting so excited; but her pulses sounded a tocsin that roused her rebel spirit to arms.

She had had a telephone from Cartier's and that voice out of the past had thrilled through her like an electric shock. "Miss Morgenthal—I *should* say Mrs. Clarke — beg pardon. You never come to us these days, so we must swallow our pride and come to you."

"Yes?" She hadn't forgotten the abrupt intonations of Miss Morgenthal. "This is Mrs. Clarke." A ridiculously flustered Mrs. Clarke, too—but Cartier's mustn't be allowed to suspect that.

"We have an emerald bracelet here — exactly the thing for you. Won't you drop in and have a look at it? We know how you lean to emeralds."

They remembered how she leaned to emeralds. Bless their hearts! "I was just starting uptown," she lied casually. "If I get a moment, I'll be in."

As she rang off, her very heart crowed.

Her excitement collapsed at the precise instant when the man dropped the bracelet into her offered palm. It had struck her that she was on trial. Leaving the shop to-day, she would either have taken the first step towards rehabilitation or have been pushed forever into the outer darkness of the unclassed. She did not ask how much the jewels cost. Desperately she strove to make it appear that the price would be incidental, that she was absorbed in a judicious appraisal of the stones themselves. She examined the clasp, nodded: she saw nothing wrong about that clasp.

"We might try it on," she decided and held out her arm to the man.

Deftly he fastened the bracelet around her wrist. The snaky flexibility of it, the weight, filled her with a tempestuous woe. A quarter of her income would be insufficient to pay for it, she abruptly realized. She longed to say the definite irrevocable words "I'll take it"; but she couldn't. Geoffrey had done this to her.

She unclasped the bracelet herself and handed it back indifferently. Geoffrey seemed to have hold of her elbow, to control her movements.

"I don't know," she said. "I'll have to think it over."

The man bowed; to her, the gesture was eloquent. He was shoving her back into the limbo from which he had summoned her an hour ago. The people at Cartier's could discriminate in a second between indecision and cowardly evasions. She had already been crossed off another mailing-list.

"Hello, Jessica." Turning, she found herself face to face with a man in a fur coat. "Buying out the place as usual?"

"Philip Heilmann!" Her tone converted the exclamation into a startled welcome, a warm exultant cry of joy at an unexpected reunion with an old friend. "I'm so glad to see you." As they shook hands, she had the odd sensation of being pulled up into the light once more, before the eyes of all the astonished clerks in the shop. "Where have you *been* in the last five years?" At the moment, she honestly believed that she must have been married at least that long.

"I've been everywhere," he told her. "I haven't been hibernating. I've been on hand for the asking. It's a way you married women have—awfully exclusive and conservative, you know and then blaming others for it."

An obsequious clerk had edged up to him. "Mr. Cartier is waiting, Sir. The ring is ready."

"Evidently you *haven't* been hibernating," Jessica commented. "You're either engaged or involved right now. Which is it?"

"Engaged," he confessed, sounding as if he would have preferred to be merely involved. "A charming girl—Winifred Pope. Do you know her?" With the mention of her name, his voice had warmed to enthusiasm and pride.

"Winifred Pope? No, I don't know her." To her utter amazement, Jessica had spoken the words *Winifred Pope* with a brusque disapproval.

Heilmann showed an undisguised surprise. "A charming girl," he repeated, almost as if in veiled reproof.

"Of *course* she is." Jessica laughed. She held out her hand again. "It's been damned nice, Philip. Suppose you come for tea some day—you and Miss Pope."

"Suppose we have lunch together now," he urged. "You and I." Pointedly he eliminated Miss Pope from the party. "I can look at the ring just as well this afternoon."

"Good." She nodded her agreement. "Then I won't have to go home in a taxicab and have a lonesome lunch. I hate taxis and lunches all by myself—*hate* them."

"This is folly," she announced, sitting beside him in his big open motor and indulgently examining the other automobiles in the traffic tangle.

"Morning, Sir." A policeman waved a deferential salute to Heilmann across the snorting hubbub.

"Hello, Daugherty," Heilmann shouted back.

Jessica uttered a sigh of luxurious content. The exchange between her companion and the policeman had given her a glow of satisfaction, a sense of having received a direct personal compliment. "He's a bit like father," she characterised Heilmann to herself.

This chance encounter had already brought home to her the significant fact that her viewpoint had shifted of late. In the past, she had genially snubbed young Heilmann. Morgenthal had more than once suggested that she ask him to the Long Island place for a week-end; each time she had pretended to forget the polite hint. A distant relative, Heilmann had been one of the people she refused to include in her circle of friends. A renegade Jew himself, he had welcomed her attitude; if she *had* invited him, he would have made glib and gracious excuses. His policy and hers and been much the same. The more one ignored family ties, the less apt one was to be found out. And here Jessica sat to-day, suddenly happy and flattered to be with him. That he was a reprobate she knew; she had heard a great many tales about his "girls." Well, why shouldn't he have his girls? Her father had had his and had managed to be a "dear" notwithstanding. She kept watching the lithe mettlesome movements of his Arab body under the heavy fur coat. She liked the glitter of his shut white teeth when he laughed. Thank God he looked the foreigner, with his dapper French mustache, his bluish jaw and his woman's lashes over wet black eyes.

She couldn't get over the idea that it was peculiar, his going out of his way this morning to be cordial. Be-

(Continued on page 9)

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COMMENTARIES

By Rabbi HARRY J. STERN, *of Montreal,*
Associate Contributing Editor

REACTIONISM

The student of human progress finds the most recent enactment of the Quebec Legislature in regard to Jewish School rights most disappointing. In reality the new David Bill nullifies and revokes the legislation of last year which gave Jews the right to establish their own schools and their own School Commission. One can detect what prompted the Premier Taschereau government which in the past proved so liberal — to take on such a reactionary mood. Political and "other" forces no doubt necessitated such action. But then human rights are too sacred to be "footballed with" in this manner!

A LAYMAN'S JEWISH LIBRARY

The Tract Commission of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (Cincinnati) has issued a booklet in which are listed the best of Jewish books pertaining to Jewish life and thought. This is indeed a splendid compilation and will prove most helpful to the intelligent Jew who sincerely is "building the home intellectual and spiritual." When one reflects upon the sad fact that "aristocracy of learning" is quickly disappearing from Jewish life, one cannot help but welcome any suggestion that will rewin for the Jew the love of learning.

ZIONISM WILL RIDE THE STORM

Our friend Jacob de Haas contributes a thought-provoking article in the March issue of the Jewish Forum pertaining to the present crisis in Zionism. Among other pronouncements he boldly declares: "Basically, Zionism is both true and sound. The immediate conditions are bad. But real ideals and ideas are indestructible. Zionism is an ineradicable factor in Jewish life. It will survive the internal and external storm. Annually Dr. Isidor Singer sends me a missive stating that he is preparing to say Kaddish over Zionism, I suggest the postponement of the funeral is in order — The Anti-Zionists who anticipated gleefully attending a funeral blunder. Zionism is a natural phenomenon among the Jews — There is a storm ahead. Zionism will ride safely through it."

PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM

What a travesty on religion that British soldiers, guns and cannons have to guard the peace of Jerusalem during this Passover-Easter-Nabi Musa Season. These three festivals occurring simultaneously, symbolic of Judaism, Christianity and Mohamedanism predicate love between man and man. But what contradiction there exists between the teachings of these religions and the practices of their adherents! So on these sacred days a military guard has to be summoned to keep Jews, Arabs and Christians from slaying one another! Well may we cry out with the ancient Psalmist: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN ANNUAL LUNCHEON

Annual luncheon of the Council of Jewish Women of Montreal in the Ballroom of the Mount Royal Hotel, Wednesday, April 22nd, at 12.30 p.m. New officers installed. Madame Pierre Casgrain who will speak on "Why Not?", is one of the leading workers for the cause of women in the Province.

JEWISH SCHOOL COMMISSION MEETING

Jewish School Commission of Montreal meets in the Convention Hall on the ninth floor of the Mount Royal Hotel, Sunday, April 12th, at 2.30 p.m. for the purpose of placing before community leaders all the facts regarding recent legislation in connection with the Jewish School Question. Samuel W. Livingston is President.

MEMBERS WANTED

Elite Club, a new organization which meets at the homes of the members, elected President, Joe B. Barken; Secretary, Phil R. Goodkin; Treasurer, Syd Abramovitch; John Craft, Abe L. Sagar, Hyman Dubman, Joe Stein, Abe Brenner, Hy Yancovitch, Harold Norman, M. Newman. Open for membership. Call Mr. Goodkin, Dollard 8582; or Mr. Barken, Crescent 6074.

MOTHERS' CIRCLE

Next meeting of the Mothers' Circle of the Outremont Hebrew School Tuesday evening, April 14, at the home of Mrs. H. Yanofsky, 861 Stuart Avenue. Friends invited.

ANNUAL CONCERT

Baron Byng Choral Society annual concert at Victoria Hall, Westmount. Thursday, April 16, at 8.30. Assisting will be Delta Chi Male Choir and Norman Herschorn, violinist; George M Brewer at the piano. Tickets from Miss Rosalind Adelstein, Belair 6165.

Historical Sketches

(Suggestions for these sketches will be received gratefully; also any additions or corrections.)

Contributed by S. Talpis, Montreal.

In the year 1847 the city of Montreal was visited by a disastrous plague, which claimed the lives of ten thousand victims, chiefly from amongst the new arrivals, in the short space of a few months.

A trip from the British Isles to Montreal meant several months of confinement in a dingy unsanitary vessel, and as there was a great influx of immigrants from Ireland in that year, due to a bad harvest, the poor and famished immigrants fell an easy prey to the cholera on their arrival in Montreal. A monument within an iron enclosure near the Victoria Bridge, marks the spot where six thousand of these victims are buried.

The following extract from the first annual meeting of the Montreal Hebrew Philanthropic Society, held June 18th., 1848, proves that there was also a large influx of Jewish immigrants in that year. Not only does the report clearly refer to a Jewish mass-immigration within the year 1847, but it also throws light upon the state of Jewish immigration into the United States during the same period. Furthermore, it proves that even in that remote period the government of the United States had already adopted restrictive laws regulating immigration.

In a word, the extract which we reprint here from the annual report of the above organization, of 1848, is a valuable contribution in the field of Canadian Jewish historical research.

The report states in part: "The unprecedented number of arrivals, of poor Israelites, last summer, arose from the circumstances of immigration to the United States having been rendered more expensive and select since that government in consequence of the fatal visitation, which more or less accompanied the immigration of last year, had certain number of square feet to each person, whereby they might secure the better and healthier class of immigrants, the result of which step was to pour into Canada, an unprecedented amount of immigration, and that, too, of the worst possible description, as the awful extent of distress and sickness but too fatally proved."

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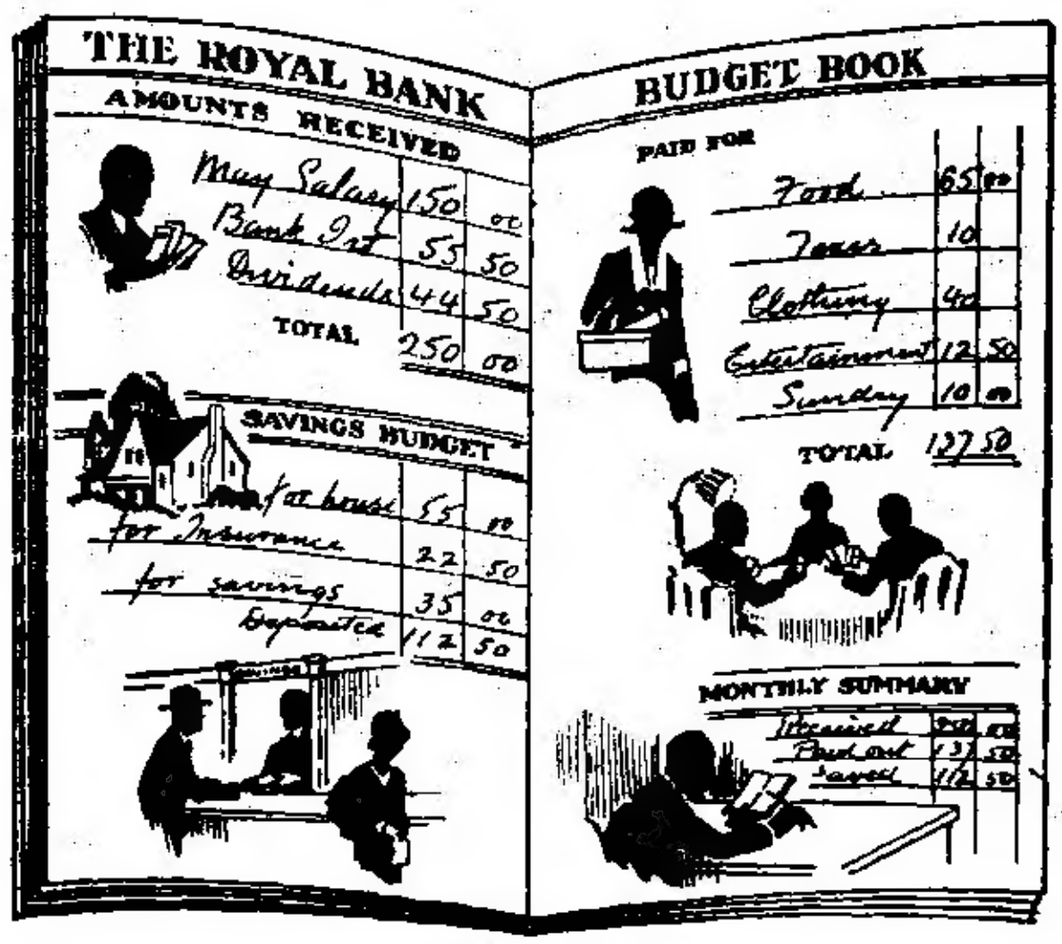

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ZIONISTS PREPARE FOR UNITED PALESTINE APPEAL

United Palestine Appeal for 1931 opens in Montreal April 21st. at a campaign banquet, with Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, of Cleveland, formerly of Toronto, as the speaker. Rabbi Brickner was Vice-President of the Canadian Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, and together with Lyon Cohen, S. W. Jacobs, K.C., M.P., and A. J. Freiman, President of the Canadian Zionist Organization, was instrumental in securing the privilege which brought 5,000 immigrants into Canada. Upon his departure for Cleveland, where he occupies the pulpit of the Euclid Avenue Temple, Rabbi Brickner was honored by the Toronto Jewish community by the establishment of the Rabbi Brickner Scholarship in Social Service at the University of Toronto. He is one of the founders of Young Judaea Movement in America. The programme prior to the campaign includes an All-Habonim Evening Wednesday, April 15th., a mass rally of the senior and junior chapters of Montreal Hadassah, Thursday afternoon, April 16th., and an All-Canvasser rally that evening. James Waterman Wise will arrive in Montreal during the following week to speak. He has lectured at Columbia University in the Department of Semitics, and as Executive Secretary of the Avukah, the American Student Zionist Movement, has toured the United States. He is a member of the Council of the Jewish Agency for Palestine.

Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, head of the Euclid Avenue Temple, Cleveland, Ohio, who will address the workers in the United Palestine Appeal at a banquet April 21st. at the Mount Royal Hotel.

Campaign Committee: A. J. Freiman; Chairman, Samuel Bronfman, Samuel Hart, Horace Cohen, Joseph Levinson, junior, H. L. Sourkes, Dr. M. Ratner, H. Batshaw, L. Miller, J. Berkson. 500 canvassers have already enlisted and 200 additional workers are expected to join. Rabbis will address their congregations on the appeal. The following will address the congregations of which they are members: I. Popliger, Beth David; Rabbi J. L. Zlotnik, Bnai Jacob; Rabbi J. Fox, Chevra Kadisha; B. Michaelofsky, Beth Jebuda; Rabbi N. Drazin, Adath Jeshurin, and L. Draizin, Chevra Shas. A. J. Freiman is giving a luncheon Sunday, April 12th., at the Windsor Hotel, for head workers.

James Waterman Wise, author and lecturer, who will address United Palestine Appeal meetings in Montreal.

Temple Emanu-El
4128 Sherbrooke Street West
Rabbi Harry J. Stern

Services Friday April 10th. at 8:15 p.m. Address by Maxwell Goldstein, K.C., Honorary President of Temple Emanu-El, "Some Random Thoughts Garnered During Vacations." The Rabbi will officiate. Saturday service at 11. Sermonette on Torah Portion.

School of Religion: Cyril B. Rill and Class 8 will give the programme: Piano Selections, Edgar Horwitz and Jean Asch; Reading, Lawrence Mintz; Songs, Bernice Balinsky; Scripture, Allan Roston; Moral Lesson, Lillian Wachman.

Confirmation Shabuoth morning, Friday, May 22nd. Confirmants: Isobel Blumenthal, Sylvia Sand, Eunice Carin, Elmer Finkelstein, Arnold Isenman, Kathleen Regal, Dorothy Silberman, Lloyd Stern, Ruby Simpson and Rose Singerman.

High School Graduation Friday evening, April 17th. at service. Graduates: Riva Margolick, Jack Wexler and Sylvia Blumenthal. Speaker, Rabbi Arthur Feldman, of Reform Congregation Anshe Sholom, Hamilton, Ont., Bible Club, under the direction of Jacob Rosenfeld, meets at the home of Howard Bernstein, 442 Lansdowne Ave., Sunday at 3 p.m. Highest collection last Sunday; Miss Anna Frank, Class IV; Perfect Attendance, Class X, Jack Wasserman.

Congregational Seder was conducted by Rabbi Stern, Maxwell Goldstein, K.C., and Nathan Gordon, K.C. The choir assisted. Sisterhood committee: Mesdames Jerome Lewinson, Arthur Simon, L. M. Rubinovich, H. E. Davis, J. P. Levee, George Goldstein, J. Kramer, Leo Fingard, L. B. Goodman, George Shapiro, L. Wolfe, H. Wolfe, Misses Florence Jacobs and Louise Silverman. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Joe Aaron, J. Benzion, Mr. and Mrs. M. Cohen, Miss Edna Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. I. Danson, Edward Danson, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Davis, Stanley, Lloyd and Eileen Davis, Mr. and Mrs. D. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. H. Foreman, Paul Frankel, Mrs. L. Fingard, Peggy Fingard, Nathan Gordon, K.C., Edmund Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. George Goldstein, Alice and Edna Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Goldstein, K.C., Misses Ruth and Jessie Goldstein, Herbert Goldstein, Miss Harris, Joe Horowitz, Maitabel and Edgar Horowitz, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. Issenman, Arnold and Bernard Issenman, L. Jacobs, Miss Florence Jacobs, Miss Geraldine Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewinson, Howard Lewinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Levee, Mortimer and Franklin Levee, L. Lazarus, Mrs. Rose Medine, Myer and Sidney Medine, Eunice Carin, Mrs. A. Rost, Hugo Rubinovitch, Mr. Shapiro, Rabbi Stern, A. Sommer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sand, Bluma Sand, Mr. and Mrs. C. Shefler, Buddy Shefler, Mr. and Mrs. I. Simpson, Ruby Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Sommer, Edward Sommer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Simon, Helene and Harry Simon, Arthur Schalek, Mr. and Mrs. A. Simmons, Barney Simmons, Walter Segal, Miss Louise Silverman, Mrs. A. Schwartz, June Schwartz, Joel Saxe, Mr. and Mrs. S. Vineberg, Golda and Elise Vineberg, Mrs. Vogt, Mr. and Mrs. L. Wolfe, Horace, Rufus, Gerald and Lillian Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. David Wolfe, Harry Wolfe, Jack Wolfe.

Sisterhood Executive Board luncheon-meeting Tuesday, April 14th., at 1 p.m. at the Mount Royal Hotel. Closing luncheon-meeting Tuesday, May 12th., at 1 p.m. at the Mount Royal Hotel. Brotherhood's closing dinner-meeting, Wednesday evening, April 22nd., in the Lecture Hall.

The name of Benjamin Sommer who died July 9th., 1922, was inscribed last week on the Simon Memorial Tablet.

Birthdays: Mrs. Sydney Isaacs, Paul M. Darwin, Lillian Nagley, Mrs. E. P. Van Geun, Mrs. L. J. Greenberg, Sarah Sadie Maxwell Lightstone, Henry Bercovitch.

Wedding Anniversaries: Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wolfe.

Beth David Congregation, 422 St. Joseph Blvd. West, Outremont. Rabbi S. Herschorn.

A mixed bridge and evening was held in the Community Hall of the Synagogue Sunday, April 5th. Hostesses were Mesdames M. Ruckenstein and J. Rosenthal. Sisterhood meets April 15th at 8 p.m. Speaker, Isidore Popliger. Friends invited.

SEDER AT THE MONTEFIORE HOME

At the second Passover Seder at the Montefiore Hebrew Orphans' Home, Alderman Seigler, President of the Home, I. M. Rubinovitch, R. H. Blumenthal, M. B. Schwartz, Mrs. D. Cohen, Recording Secretary, and S. Lerner were speakers.

The youngsters went out in search of the missing Afikoman. Myer Gordon was the lucky finder, and received a gift donated by Alderman Seigler.

Organizations and individuals are invited to send their news in to the Montreal office of the Canadian Jewish Review.

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THE ENEMY'S GATES

(Continued from page 6)

fore they reached the Plaza, however, she had worked it all out: the prospect of committing himself finally to his Miss Pope had irritated him; the ring had seemed to him a rather awful symbol. Luncheon with another woman — any woman — meant a postponement, a frantically snatched reprieve. Jessica rather wondered at such panic; for of course marriage wouldn't hinder the freedom of a man of his type.

They had a delightful luncheon and an exhilarating ride all over town afterwards. It was five o'clock when he left Jessica's apartment. During their last hour together, they had grown intimately confidential.

"It annoyed you—didn't it?—the way I talked about the girl you're engaged to," Jessica had confronted him.

"But you didn't talk about her," he corrected. "You simply dismissed her a bit unkindly.

"No—it wasn't that." She shook her head with decision. "See here, Philip—how would it strike you if I said something rude and straightforward, if I gave you some pretty bald advice?"

"Let me hear it, Jessica," he pressed. "Of course, I won't take your advice—but I like listening to lectures."

"All right." She was brisk. "I'll tell you my candid opinion. It won't do; it won't last."

"Even so, what of it?" he wanted serenely to know.

"You won't be able to take it as easily as that," she warned him. "You can think, beforehand, that it's the simplest thing in the world—getting out of a mistake with a whole skin. But it means a lot of worry and bad temper and real misery."

"I can't take you seriously, Jessica, I really can't — when you talk about misery," he laughed. "You don't get it across with the least success."

"I'm serious," she reproved him, "dead serious. We've been marrying lately — our family — so I can speak from experience. My husband — well, he's a charming boy and I'm fond of him; but we're absolutely at odds. His name's Clarke, by the way. George is married, too. He and his wife are head over heels in love; that isn't going to help them much in the long run. Her name was Carter."

He had caught the meaning back of her irrelevance. "Clarke, Carter, Pope — I see," he admitted. Without warning, a gravity had come into his face. He frowned at her intently for a moment.

"You have no idea—yet—of the difference between you and that girl of yours. You'll find that you don't even talk the same language." She spoke with a bluff solemnity. "That's all." She snapped the discussion off short. "But you'll do well to think it over, Philip."

"You're an extraordinary person," he said.

"Not at all." She denied it. "I've learned my lesson—I've learned common-sense. That's the point."

After their amazing four hours together, Jessica heard nothing from Heilmann for a week. Then there had arrived from Cartier's her emerald bracelet. "I feel I must thank you for your advice," he had scribbled on a card. "The engagement is off—after a sensible and civilized discussion yesterday."

It was a shocking breach of taste, the gift of the bracelet. It showed Jessica at once that she was dealing with a scamp. That did not worry her. All day her spirits soared; she had the first intoxicating whiff of freedom in her nostrils.

CHAPTER XIV

Ann, with her wiry strength and composure, had stood up splendidly under the ordeal of childbirth. "She had her baby like a man," was Jessica's paradoxical comment on the situation. George had resented the general holiday optimism, the beaming smiles of the doctor and nurses, the bright platitudes that a successful confinement always calls forth. He had achieved a sturdy happiness of late; but the night of his son's delivery from the womb had been a period of cruel torture. He had been harrowed to a furious rebellion against the merciless pranks of nature. He and Ann had been gulled. Believing that they served only the needs of their own passion, they had all the time been docile little instruments in the hands of a selfish power. They were merely a part of the chemistry of the world. They had done their work, he and Ann; apparently they had done it well. A man-child, weighing eight pounds, had been added to the population of New York. But George remained transfixed for hours in the contemplation of life as a prodigious obstetrical horror, presided over by a cosmic midwife who called herself Mother Earth. If Ann should die now, it would matter very little in the scheme of things. She had at least had a breathing child torn from her. In the terrific waste of human material, another young dead body could be flung on the great rubbish pile of the ages without being missed.

Why did she have to suffer so? Why did she have to *suffer* so? That persistent question troubled George most. The answer, whatever it was, would prove for all time the uselessness of human endeavor, the unutterable stupidity of the obscene tyrant who ruled the universe.

When the baby was brought into the drawing-room to be effusively displayed, George had discovered that he could not move a muscle. His face glistened with cold sweat. Great weights were tied back of his knees. Sitting there, silent and chagrined, he had apologetically fainted.

He had come to in a minute. The doctor was already uttering a breezy jest on the subject of young husbands: "I believe the father should be put to bed for a month, as well as the mother."

George, sick and dizzy, lifted his ponderous eyelids a fraction of an inch and glared at the fashionable accoucheur. Then, while he was gulping down the whisky that was held to his mouth, he turned his attention to the baby in the nurse's arms. Layers of soft blankets were arranged, like the petals of an immense calla-lily, about a hard little croquet-ball of a skull. George looked upon a mashed pulp of tiny features, blubbered and senile. He felt, not pride, but pity. At this mo-

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ment he wished, for its own sake, that it had never been born. He put out a tentative hand and tucked the blankets under its chin. It gave a weak, almost a soundless wail. A pain shot through the hard kernel of George's left breast; one of the long hairs that grew around it seemed to have been pulled taut.

"He's hungry," the nurse explained the whimper.

"Queer," George reflected to himself. It was as if his dry man's breast had been trying to fill itself with milk for the replenishment of that greedy mite.

There was a silence.

George let his gaze drop from the child to the floor. "Thanks," he said at last. He could not bear to be in the accusing presence of his son any longer. From his helpless lust had come this living being, to be cheated and tormented and killed. He'd seen enough of the poor little thing. He wanted to yell at the doctor and the nurse, "Oh, for God's sake get *out*." Instead he fixed his eyes on their feet and kept his polite silence till the pair of polished black boots had followed the pair of immaculate white Oxfords across the threshold. He did not hear the door close. His thoughts were already in the future: he was talking to a child some four years old, a child who stood gravely between his legs and listened to an eloquent lecture on the evils of pig-headed obstinacy

When he had finished his sermon, George went unsteadily to bed in the guest-room. It was strange and disquieting, not having Ann there beside him. It did give him a rather pleasurable sense of bodily freedom, to heave and toss around under the blanket without the usual fear of uncovering Ann. He didn't have to keep to his own side to-night. He lay on his back and stretched his legs wide apart. For all the buoyant physical expansiveness of the moment, however, he was oppressed by loneliness and a vague terror. If only he could talk to her right now! All at once, an anguish surged over him, the grief of a man whose wife had died in childbirth. He drew his sprawled legs together, turned on his side and moved over to the very edge of the bed. Should he ever lose Ann, how could he go on living?

By the next night, George was happy again after a subdued timid fashion. He had been permitted to see Ann before his breakfast. Her sharp hungry face on the pillow hadn't looked much bigger than her child's; but out of her hot weariness there had flashed the triumphant glint of white teeth. When he bent down to kiss her, she gave him a single sage nod: she was obviously in a jubilant mood, proud because she had completed the cycle of her physical experiences. She pitied neither herself nor the baby; together they had performed an amazing feat.

George began to suspect that he might have been a trifle morbid about the whole business. The infant himself, that morning, had a certain slobbering charm. George almost grinned at him. He hovered, closer and yet closer, above the round head, then on an irresistible impulse laid his cheek against the little chest. That the smell of a new baby was delicious, he abruptly realized. A warm sticky sweetness filled his nostrils, as if someone had just opened an oven door and released the fragrance of half-cooked dough or the snug aroma of little biscuits covered with the viscous transparence of melted sugar. The body under the blankets was elastic; it could still be kneaded into a new shape, with those malleable bones — chicken-bones they might have been, just cartilage embedded in a succulent yellow fat. A faint far-away knocking struck on George's ear. It was the beat of a heart; that very heart had throbbed, a few hours ago, in Ann's womb, had clanged like a smitten anvil upon her pain. At the moment the thud became a recognizable human sound to George, he understood that he was fond of this child. He straightened up and entered forthwith into the troubled career of guardianship. He was worried at the thought of the frailty of a body that could be sustained by such panting hurried pulses. He was perplexed at the idea that the brain inside that skull would be furrowed and crinkled in accordance with the strange laws of a being complete in itself, stubbornly beyond the control of himself or of Ann. Whatever they might do, in the matter of parental guidance, they would be dealing with a force that had the secret reserves, the dangerous independence, the impenetrable remote mysteries of a separate identity.

Though his color did not come back for a week, George's spirits had soon battled their way up to exultation. On the morning Jessica arrived to see the baby, pride began to flutter a pair of clumsy wings in his heart. He said very little, to be sure; but, standing beside the nurse, he quite brazenly gloated over the infinitesimal exhibit. Jessica had nodded at her nephew, given him a few appraising pokes, uttered a commendatory "Good work" and let it go at that. Jessica wasn't the sort to lavish sentimental endearments on infants. She'd really forgotten all about this one while she was still sticking her finger into it. She seemed to sweep across the baby's room like a gale of povial wind, scattering clouds in her passage so that the sun could break through and send one direct shaft of light down into the face of the child; then she was gone. She had blustered out her benediction. She hadn't the patience to linger and talk a lot of empty nonsense. George, following her into Ann's bedroom, had a swift vision of himself, many years ago, peeping at a head of egg-shell delicacy that emerged from a pushing bundle of blankets. That head had been Jessica's. If he had known then how she would develop, he would have considered it odd that she didn't greet him with a good-natured "damn." Jessica just a day old—impossible! And the time would come when Jessica would be just a day dead. Equally impossible! Despite her plethoric humanity, she was numbered for him among the gods, outside the mutations and calamities of mankind.

In Ann's bedroom she announced, "Well, now you've got something to work for, you two." It sounded positively didactic, coming from Jessica. With one hand, she patted George's shoulder; with the other, she brusquely pushed the tousled hair back from Ann's eyes. "Now for God's sake make the most of it will you?"

The baby was two weeks old before his uncle deigned to call upon him. The visit had been impersonal and haughty. Indeed Morton might have been a society dowager leaving a card at the door of a newcomer in the neighborhood. He had done the frigidly correct thing; but he had conveyed the impression that he himself would be "not at home" if the vulgar little upstart ever had the impudence to return the compliment. He treated

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George and Ann with a bright ringing contempt. Having a baby was such bad taste; the best people weren't doing it this season — that was his attitude.

For the rest of that day, they had both experienced pangs of guilty dissatisfaction with the infant. George couldn't help resenting the complete lack of intelligence in its face; surely by this time it ought to show some rudimentary signs of a human expression. Ann found herself wondering about the shape of its head. Morton had mastered the artful trick of sapping the spirits of an audience. He had the power to destroy in a few moments most of the lusty red corpuscles of a full-bodied enthusiasm.

Fortunately, he seldom crossed his brother's threshold. With the exception of Jessica, no one broke in upon the neat daily schedule that Ann had arranged. From the day of his birth, the baby had been healthy. His charted course through the months was a model of stout seamanship. He put on weight strictly according to scientific formula. When the day came for him to swallow his first spoonful of cooked cereal, his digestive apparatus worked it through his system with machine-like precision. It had soon become obvious that he possessed something of his mother's efficiency. His small mind ran, for the most part, smoothly and lucidly; but if he was crossed, he would kick and scream out murderous imprecations. Then, while she frowned down upon him, Ann would realize that she was looking into the volcanic eyes of another George.

"Bad, *bad* little boy." She would talk to him with a grim uncompromising distinctness. "This has got to stop, Sir. Do you hear me?" She would take him up into her arms and thrust her face close to his; setting her narrow jaw, she would hold him with her level glance till his own eyes crossed and his fury quieted and his expression told her that he *did* hear, that he'd try to do better next time.

"All right, darling, all right," she would answer his dumb bubbling fright; then she always kissed him, hugged him to her heart and sang him a tender song.

Sandy, staid and squat on his waddling bow-legs, had witnessed several of these scenes. He was not allowed in the nursery; he'd just linger at the door and meditate, sadly comparing his puppyhood with that of this human cub that was beginning to answer to the name of Nicholas. Sandy still adored Ann. Though she had thrust him into the background and given up confiding her secrets to his ear, he remained her dutiful follower. He couldn't really blame her for devoting every minute to her new charge; for it was obvious that the child must be much naughtier than he'd been. He'd had his spankings and lectures, of course; but he certainly hadn't ever made her face go twisted and wizened and hard. He began to suspect that he had been a paragon of virtue from the start.

Sandy had not noticed anything peculiar about Ann till summer. During the first winter of the baby's life in New York, during the late spring in the cottage on the Rhode Island coast, everybody had had a pleasant cheerful time. Had he possessed more discernment, the little dog would have seen that the master's week-end visits to Narragansett were at the bottom of the trouble. If he had been able to tell the days, he would have found that it was usually on Monday and Tuesday that Ann looked wan and worried and kept shaking a remonstrative finger at her child; that from Wednesday morning to Friday night she would be quiet and self-possessed again; that Saturday found her eager, excited, listening for footsteps. The one sorrowful afternoon when she had cried, not making a sound but just dabbling hopelessly at the tears — Sandy *had* connected that vaguely with the man of the house: she had broken down the minute he went away. Probably she was sorry to lose him. It might be he'd gone for good. He hadn't, though. The day arrived — Sandy had no idea whether it was years later or only a few hours — when she'd perked up her ears again, then all of a sudden run out of the house and down the path. The man was back again; she had tumbled right into his arms. Before he had come in sight, Sandy had smelled him out and thumped a welcoming tail on the porch floor. He didn't care much for that slim swarthy figure; but for Ann's sake he was glad the fellow had returned.

For months and months, George and Ann had believed, with ingenuous fervor, that the baby was going to make "all the difference in the world." As soon as she knew she was to have a child, Ann had sprung clear of a depression that had seemed to pinion her arms along her sides with ever-tightening thongs. She was going to have a baby and she was fiercely thankful. More and more, in the past year, she had longed for some new problem. She and George had been in desperate need of release from their tension. Unswervingly they had been staring at each other. To look away, to break that deadlock! Their wire-drawn nerves cried for relaxation, their eyes ached from the cruel strain of fixity. And yet their love had increased steadily through the long ordeal of their conflict. Often she would creep into his arms and huddle against him and press her cheek to his. They wanted so terribly to be happy and content, both of them. When they clung together and were silent, they attained the peace of close communion, felt some deep pure spring of understanding replenish and heal their bruised hearts; but talk to each other with safety they could not. Ann's most casual words had taken on an ugly significance to George. She was so damned sure of herself, so bent on making him over to suit her ideas of what a man should be.

"I wish you'd try to mind your own business, Ann," he had flared up once, after she had suggested, "Why don't you get a new razor, George? You cut yourself every morning with that one." It wasn't the daily gashes she minded, he was convinced: she thought he looked unkempt and soiled; she was really making personal remarks. "There's nothing the matter with my razor. I'm sorry if you don't

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I might have had an anchor."

Every now and then a pronunciamento from some member of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America makes it plain that the Christian churches can not give up their work of trying to convert Jews to Christianity. As president of the International Missionary Council Dr. John R. Mott recently told the Foreign Missions Council that: "Missionary work is a duty in spite of all protests." So, whether the more liberal-minded Christians agree or not, or whether the Jews feel resentful or not, there is to be considered the injunction in the New Testament which bids its followers publish the gospel and preach the gospel to every living creature. In 1929 it was brought out in correspondence between Louis Marshall and Dr. Anthony that the Christians cannot cease their attempts to spread the Christian gospel among the Jews because they believe that propagating their faith is an essential duty of their religion.

That there are liberal-minded Christians in the ministry who do not hold that a missionary approach to the Jews is a duty is evidenced by the expressions of opinion by Rev. Everett R. Clinchy, Secretary of the Committee on Goodwill Between Jews and Christians of the Federal Council of Churches. Poor Mr. Clinchy is forever trying to undo or neutralize some tactless stand proclaimed by his more conservative colleagues bent on seeking converts. He knows that Jews have several ways of reacting to the missionary activities of the Christians especially when they are sponsored by the established churches. Some Jews may storm, some froth at the mouth, some burn quietly but all are resentful and extremely annoyed at what they believe to be a pernicious form of insolence contained in the assumption that the Christian religion is better than the Jewish religion and therefore should be accepted.

In an article in the *Bnai Brith Magazine* Mr. Clinchy says that many superficial reasons are given to puzzled Jews to explain why missionaries feel that they must seek converts. He believes that the fundamental explanation is to be found in one of the laws of human behavior as given by Clark Wissler: that "when a group has a solution to one of its important cultural problems it becomes zealous to spread that idea abroad and is moved to embark on an era of conquest to force recognition of its merits." In other words as Alfred Kreymborg, the poet, says: "It is not enough that I feel this way. One must have comrades." Add to this drive the feeling of the Christian missionary that he has the only way of salvation and you have the state of mind necessary to the missionary.

One thing which has mystified Jews in this country for years is the fact that missions to the Jews seem satisfied to continue their work and find it simple to get money for it even when there were few or no genuine results. Jewish writers and speakers have long maintained that the menace in missionary efforts among Jews lay not in the inroads made among Israel but in the harm done to good will between Jews and Christians by missionizing and its assumption of superiority. The Jews have been infuriated but their numbers have not been visibly diminished. As far as this column knows the first public statement from a Christian minister to substantiate this is given by Mr. Clinchy in his article.

Smiling at the notion that it is a Christian duty to attempt to convert the Jews, Mr. Clinchy deprecates the idea that missions menace Judaism. He says: "There is a Talmudic teaching to the effect that a quiet sea never made a good sailor. Every cultural, every religious group is in better trim because of struggle and conflict of ideas. The danger of Jewish losses is negligible . . . To be sure, occasional individuals transfer as 'converts' from one group to another. An Aime Palliere finds more reasonableness in Judaism than in Christianity; a G. K. Chesterton discovers deeper satisfactions in Catholicism than he found in Protestantism. But cases like these are the exception. The continuity of a culture which has reached the maturity of Judaism is slightly, if at all, disturbed by 'missionary efforts.' It seems to me that Christian missions are not a menace to the synagogue or temple when one gives reasonable reflection to the anthropological laws of group integrity; the sheer vitality and values in Judaism; the fact that Christian proselytizing efforts have been relatively ineffective throughout the centuries from the days of Crusades and Inquisitions in Europe to nights of preaching in New York or Philadelphia."

f.f.c.

like my kind of beard; but I can't change it." She had given him a quick look of protest, then shrugged and turned away.

"George does the same barber always cut your hair?" she had asked him on another day. He had just come in. She had kissed him and, with her hands on his shoulders, was keenly examining him.

"He does." In a flash, George had turned defensive and sulky. "I have him because he cuts my hair in exactly the way I tell him to." He nodded his head at her, as if to warn her that she'd better be careful.

"I was going to say," Ann announced, "that he always does a good job. "George, why can't you wait till you know where I stand before you get cross?"

"Well—you looked pretty sharp about it," he weakly excused himself. "Naturally I thought you didn't like it, when you looked sharp that way." It was obvious that he still believed she disapproved of his haircut. He had spoken up too soon; and she had taken advantage of his bluntness to put him in the wrong.

His distrust fed on trivial remarks. Sometimes a single innocent comment of Ann's would spoil an entire day for him. "Be sure to get those shoes on your way uptown, George. And tell them the last ones gave you blisters." "Don't forget to stop at Brooks' and show them how that new coat wrinkles under the arms." Nothing he ever bought was satisfactory. He would forget, when she brought up the subject at breakfast, that he'd been fussing, complaining, threatening to give this shop and that shop a piece of his mind. He would immediately decide that she blamed him because his suits didn't fit and his shoes pinched his feet. "I'll see to that the first chance I get, don't worry," he would answer her. "But good Lord—I'm so busy. I can't call my soul my own these days." He usually ended by purchasing shoes just like the old ones and letting the coat stay as it was. It was a sort of vengeance on his wife to get kibed heels and to go about with sleeves that had been sewed in clumsily.

Ann often looked back in a tired pity at the foolish girl, so young and overweeningly confident, who had married this boy. How could she have believed, in those first months abroad, that a decisive victory could ever be hers, that a quiet sensible talk with him could accomplish a miracle? The shadow of anxiety had been flung upon the bright surface of her happiness so fitfully, momentarily, in those days—as if a tiny cloud had been chased across the serene sky and blown summarily over the rim of the horizon. She had been George's wife just a year and a half when she became pregnant; but already her whole life was darkened with a fear. And she had thought, that night in her old home, that she could turn to lasting profit her hard-won knowledge of him! She had even had the childish notion that the one dangerous crisis would leave her in absolute certainty of the issue. Then, in a moment, she had become a wayworn baffled wanderer through chaos. She had crept out of the struggle with blurred eyes, not with the penetrating clarity of sight that she had hoped for. Swiftly she had learned the absurdity of all her neat previsions. Life was a dimness and a groping among huge distorted shadows. She had been a fool to expect an unequivocal triumph or a stark clean-cut defeat. She had learned only that she must go on somehow, through the years, must try to pick out, here and there in the confusion, faint glimmers of brightness for her guidance. It was as if George had suddenly plunged into her brain, extinguished the clear light of her reason and, under cover of the darkness, rummaged in that orderly mental chamber, ransacked it and made a tumbled ruinous pile of everything it contained.

She had been forced, in the end, to fall back upon a strained expectancy. She had waited for a peremptory new problem that could arrest her attention and his. George, too, was holding himself in crouched readiness. They were miserable, both of them, frightened by their estrangement, tormented by a love that was the more urgent because it had in it the gnaw of starvation. They could not go on forever in that stiffened hostility. Surely some precious chance must come their way. It would be too unjust that, caring for each other as they did, they should be offered no second opportunity to find salvation.

Meanwhile, the months had dragged on, an entire year had passed. Slowly Mark Morgenthal's affairs were brought to their final settlement. Morton and Clarke were badgering George to frenzy; Bernstein was exasperating him with his kindness; the rumor of the Stock Exchange boomed continuously in his ears. More and more, he saw Ann as the cold little judge of his weaknesses. Stupidly he visited upon her his furious spite against the world. She could do nothing but keep her teeth shut over her half-wild protests. Even from the humdrum routine of life she had got niggardly comfort; for George, since she had surrendered her right to tend him in his stubborn sickness of spirit, had suspected her of dishonorable craft in the attentions of everyday life. She meant to hoodwink him with her good-natured remarks about haircuts and clothes and things to eat. Though his soul was closed to her aggressions, she still hoped to boss his body. Well, she'd be made to see her mistake! She had soon given up consulting and advising him. Whatever she attempted was irritably misinterpreted. Her pride could not brook insults. That his surliness resulted in part from his destroying adoration, she understood; she pitied and loved him as she had never done before: and yet she remained herself, with her last defense strong around her secret soul. She would never submit to the weakening humiliation of mean rebuffs. So she kept grimly quiet. Again and again, the thought came to her of her determination, last year, to remonstrate with him about his heavy playfulness. He had grown even more roughly insistent, of late; and, in his tousling pawstrokes, there had been a half-shamed desire to hurt her. White and quiet and gently austere, she had managed to scare him off. Had she uttered a single word of rebuke, however, she would have aroused him to a fury that would have struck her down, like the blow of a fist on her mouth. It was a bitter reminder, her silence, of her bewildering failure.

Then, with matter-of-fact brusqueness, "I think I'm going to have a baby, George," she had announced. "I hope so."

He had simply stared at her; he had not said a word, so afraid was he that she might be wrong.

Two afternoons later, as he came into the downstairs hall of their apartment house, he had found her talking to the elevator man about a package that had gone astray. "They insist, at Altman's, that they delivered it," she was saying. "You're quite sure Harvey didn't take it when he was on duty?"

(Continued on page 16)

Jewish Community Girls' Basketball Team of Toronto

This team won the intermediate Ontario championship, and on Saturday night defeated Montreal in the first game of the intermediate Canadian finals. Left to right, M. Greenberg, manager; Clara Freedhoff, centre; Sarah Appleby, forward; Beatrice Freidhoff, guard; Shirley Sutin, guard; Ann Cornfield, forward; Helen Schwartz, guard; Bess Kleinberg; Pearl Appleby, forward; Maurice Black, coach.

JEWISH GIRLS' CLUB TEAM WINS

The Jewish Girls' Club won the first game of the Eastern Canadian intermediate semi-finals when they defeated the Sun Life team of Montreal (Quebec champions) 25 to 12, at Community gym Saturday night.

The game started with both teams playing a defensive game and Sun Life scoring the first basket, but as the game progressed the home team gradually forged ahead and were leading 13 to 6 at half time.

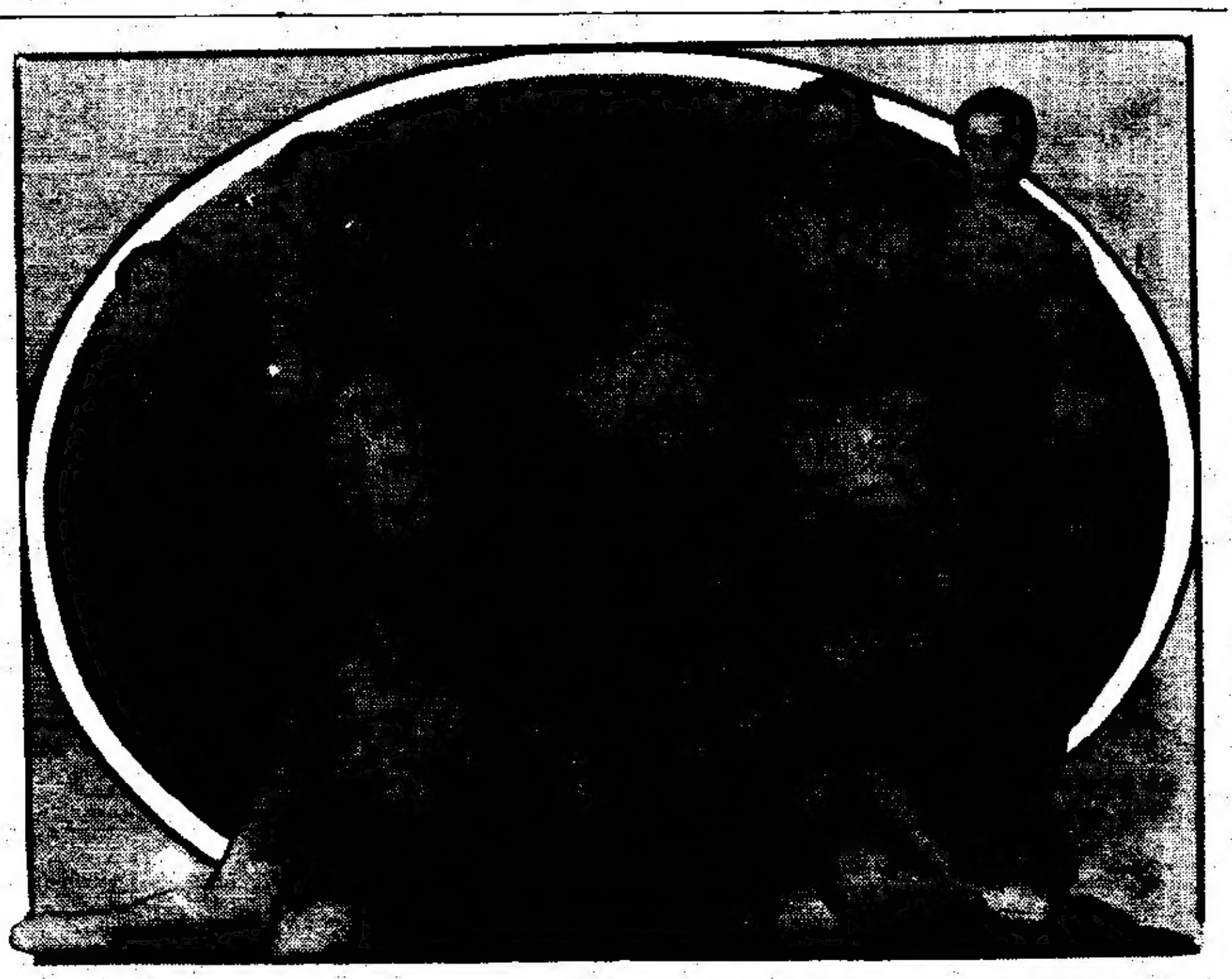
For the winners the defense of Shirley Sutton and Beatrice Freedhoff held the visiting team to 4 baskets, while the Appelby sisters, Clara Freedhoff and Ann Cornfield took care of the scoring end.

For Sun Life the team put up a strong game, but had poor luck in their shooting with R. Marshall, M. LeClair, G. Lawrence, and F. Skelcher playing a fine game in their respective positions.

Sun Life—Forwards, G. Thomas (2), F. Skelcher (4), G. Lawrence (4); centre, R. Marshall (1), M. Burrel; guards, L. Anderson, M. Le Clair (1) J. Bain.

Community House—Forwards, S. Appelby (6), A. Cornfield (3), P. Appelby (12); centre C. Freedhoff (2); guards, S. Sutton (2), B. Freedhoff, B. Kleinberg, H. Schwartz.

Referee—Percy Millar.



This group of Y.W.H.A. girls carried off the junior championship of Montreal Ladies' Basketball League and won the Bronfman Cup. From left to right, back row, Anna Parifsky, Sarah Cohen, Anne Guttman, Ida Kliger; Centre, Eddie Malleck; (coach), Ned Schwartz, Don Caplan, Anne Bellman, Ray Benjamin, (assistant coach); bottom row, Fay Stein, Molly Sommer.

Health Service

OF THE

Canadian Medical Association

Edited by

GRANT FLEMING, M.D. — ASSOCIATE SECRETARY

BLOOD PURIFIERS

We often hear persons speak of their blood as being thin or in a bad condition, and this, most frequently, in the spring of the year.

There is a popular belief that when spring comes, the body should be given a purge to rid it of the poisons which are supposed to have accumulated during the winter, and to follow this by a tonic to purify the blood.

It is true that by the time the spring comes, there are a number of people who do not feel well. They are all tired out, and their appearance answers the description they give of themselves. No wonder they feel miserable and look it! For months, they have led the kind of life which would make anyone lose his health. They shut themselves into hot rooms with no ventilation, take no exercise, never go out into the fresh air, and eat just as much as they do when they are active during the summer. It is bad habits of living during the winter months which cause the trouble; the blood has nothing to do with it.

Prevention is better than cure, but if you have not been taking reasonable care of your health during the winter and you are now feeling the results of your carelessness, you will want to know what you should do.

The only way to get back what you have lost is by paying attention to the points you have neglected. Health which you have lost by your indifference will not be regained by the use of "spring tonics". Health is found in fresh air, exercise and attention to the diet.

The body is quite capable of ridding itself of its waste material if it is given half a chance. Use water internally and externally. Take a warm bath at least once a week to help the skin to function properly. Drink a glass or two of water before breakfast and between each meal to help elimination. Cultivate regular toilet habits. Fresh cool air acts as a stimulant for the whole body and, together with sunshine, is nature's own spring tonic.

The body cannot be healthy unless it is kept in good running order by exercise. The big muscles of the body must be kept in condition by use. Whether it is work or play which brings them into use does not matter so long as they are used.

Eat according to the work you are doing. Let your diet consist of a wide variety of foods, and remember that milk, green vegetables and fruits should be used regularly.

The blood is as clean and pure in the springtime as is at any other time. Alterations in the blood are brought about by certain diseases, but not by the seasons of the year.

Blood purifiers are not required. What is needed, and all that is needed is healthy living.

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For free copies write: G. A. ELLIOTT, Director of Colonization, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario. "Please mention this paper."

Holy Blossom Hebrew Congregation. Rabbi M. N. Eisendrath, Bond Street.

Sabbath services, at 10.30 a.m., Portion of the Week. Sunday, at 11 a.m., "The Ten Greatest Jews."

Pulpit flowers last week were the gift of Mrs. Egmont L. Frankel, in memory of her father, Abraham Hartman.

Will Durant, world famous lecturer, Tuesday evening, April 14th. Tickets at Massey Hall. Subject, "The Ten Greatest Thinkers." Auspices, Holy Blossom Forum.

Final Group Parents-Teachers Meeting Wednesday, April 15th., at 8 p.m. in the Synagogue Chambers, for all parents of children in every grade of the Sunday Afternoon Section. Refreshments will be served by the Religious School Committee of the Sisterhood.

Sunday Morning Assembly, Mr. Pritzker showed slides depicting the life of Moses. Sunday afternoon Assembly, Mr. Lieberman's class presented a short skit. Cast: Arthur Bernstein, Arnold Rothschild, Bertram Danson, Sydney Harris.

The Sisterhood held its Passover tea and musicale Tuesday, April 7th., in the vestry rooms of the Synagogue. Miss Clara Kallmeyer and Mrs. Joseph Granatstein, convenors. Irving Lavine, speaker.

TORONTO HADASSAH

Ziona Chapter of Junior Hadassah dance Tuesday, April 14th. Reservations from Miss Jean Goldman, Trinity 2232: Miss Ida Keyfetz, Kingsdale 8282.

JUDAEAN CHESS CLUB

Judaean Chess Club is located at 274 College Street and has a daily attendance of 15 members. There is also a bridge section with tournaments and prizes. Committee: Honorary President, B. Weiss; President, M. Millstone; Vice-president, S. Ducove; Secretary, B. Freedman; Assistant, I. Cogan, Treasurer, Dr. B. Lundy; Trustee, M. Alpert.

A.Z.A. PLANS CONCERT

A.Z.A. met at the King Edward Hotel Tuesday, March 31st. A Passover program was arranged by Lawrence Pifko. Father and son banquet at Old Spain Sunday, April 26th. Membership committee, Percy Heiber, Kingsdale 6518. Eastern Canadian Conference at Hamilton July 4th and 5th, for Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton and Windsor chapters. Concert to entertain the Home for Incurables during April.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Mann (née Bryna Babitch), Saturday, April 4th., at the Toronto Western Hospital, a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Farber (née Lillian Swartz) at the private patients pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, March 30th., a son.

Advertise in "Jewish Review"

Goel Tzedec Synagogue, University Avenue. Rabbi Samuel Sachs.

Rabbi Sachs will preach Saturday morning at 10:30 on the weekly portion of the Torah. The blessing of the new month Iyyar will be chanted by Cantor Barkin. At the children's service, the leader, David Siegel, will read the prayers and Murray Ehrlick will deliver the sermonette.

Junior Young People's League Sunday at 8:30. Program and social hour.

VOLUNTEERS IN FOLKS FAREIN WORK

The Folks Farein supplied Jewish patients in all the city hospitals with kosher food during Passover. A kitchen was opened at the Folks Farein house, 23 Cecil St., under the supervision of D. Wilson, President, A. Welsfeld, Mrs. M. Bronstein, and Mrs. S. Greenberg where meals were cooked twice daily and distributed to the Toronto General, Toronto Western, Grace, and St. Michael's Hospitals, also to the Home for Incurables. Passover food was also sent to the Jewish inmates of Donn Jail and the Burwash Industrial Farm, and the Jewish patients at Muskoka Sanitarium received fruit, matzohs and money. Meals were also served three times daily to those who were unable to pay for them at restaurants. About 200 families received a total of $1,000 in cash with which to purchase Passover supplies. Volunteered workers: Mesdames A. Bronstein, C. Baker, E. Bargman, H. Cooper, S. Lichman, A. Meingarten, M. Raichtzaig, M. Scher, and S. Greenberg; and Misses: L. Applebaum, H. Baumstein, R. Birken, S. Britstein, R. Cohen, S. Clarfield, E. Cooper, D. Fisher, M. Foreht, A. Gertzbein, L. Goldfield, E. Goldstein, M. Hybloom, L. Jacobs, R. Jacobs, M. Kliff, B. Kline, M. Laporter, B. Lichman, R. Lichman, S. Lichman, F. Litwin, G. Opsbaum, D. Osolky, E. Paper, P. Pezim, B. Safer, P. Safer, H. Salamansky, R. Salamansky, E. Shreiber, J. Shub, A. Solneck, A. Spring, R. Stulberg, S. Stulberg, H. Weinberg, A. Werger, R. Wiener, H. Winter, I. Winter, S. Applebaum.

FRATERNAL SOFTBALL

President Mark Covant, of the Jewish Fraternal Softball League, called a meeting for Wednesday night April 15th., at 8.00 p.m., at the office of A. Greenbaum, 307 Concourse Bldg. Representatives must be present as the number of teams will be decided.

TEAM TO JOIN TOURNAMENT

Y.M.H.A. Volley Ball Team will visit London, Ont., Saturday, April 11, 1931, to take part in the Ontario Volley Ball Tournament. J. T. Oelbaum, Sam Rotenberg, Phil Abrams, Jack Collins, Louis James, M. Taylor leave Saturday at 9 from the "Y," Jimmie Bishop is manager of the team.

TO ADDRESS CLUBS

Professor Cassidy, of the Social Science Department of the University of Toronto, will speak to a combined meeting of the Mercury and Hart Clubs and their guests, the Nordia Club and the Mizpa Chapter of Hadassah, Sunday at the Appollo Club. Subject: "The Political Economy of Art." Mr. Steinberg and Mr. Sherman, violinists; and Miss Evelyn Greenbaum, pianist; Miss Doris Tenenbaum, elocutionist, will entertain. I. Sherman will show slides.

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VARIETY BOYS

The second annual Radio Night of the Variety Boys was held at the home of Dave Rosen. Among those present were: Misses Lottie Charney, Lil Bregman, Merle Neidleman, Ann Rozner, Ann Kisluk, Frankie Lewis, Sylvia Smith, Hilda Bolter, Mary Levy, Lil Chaplin, Ann Ruskin, Ray Ehrlich, Blanche Stein, Rose Rosenberg, Rhoda Breslin, Ruth Lowe; and Mo Basin, Frank Hashmall, Lou Shore, Harry Schwartz, Dave Trimble, Norm Roth, Lou Perlman, Shama Sable, Si Perlman, Harry Jourard, Stan Krivy, Jack Freeman, Ben Saltsman, Abe Salkowitch, Bernie Novak, Moe Mandel, Dave Foret, and Dave Rosen.

Holy Blossom Forum

WILL DURANT

MASSEY HALL

April 14th — 8.30

Subject

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TORONTO SOCIAL

Mrs. Roy Frankel, Hudson Drive, was hostess Friday evening last at a dinner party.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cohen, Warren Road, are at home after spending several weeks in Miami, Fla.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Frankel, Douglas Drive, who have been in Atlantic City for the past two weeks, return home on Sunday morning.

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You would be surprised at the number of articles in a house that can be handled by a modern laundry at housecleaning time. Some things can be washed to-day that could not a few short years ago. The bundles coming in at this season contain curtains, blankets, feather pillows, rag rugs, bath mats, and all sorts of odds and ends. These are not only washed in soft water, but well aired, and are returned to you like new. Our regular family wash offers you a choice of six different kinds of service. You may save yourself untold drudgery by having a little chat with one of our young ladies — or stop any one of our courteous driver-salesmen.

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175 OSSINGTON AVE.

Mrs. Harry Pullan, Edgewood Crescent, was hostess at tea on Thursday evening last at the home of her father, Nathan Smith, St. George Street, Miss Lillian C. Smith assisted.

• • •

Mrs. Egmont Frankel, Douglas Drive, and Mrs. H. M. Masters, Walmer Road, left Monday morning to spend several days in Buffalo, N.Y.

• • •

Miss Louise Sales, of Louisville, Kentucky, who has been visiting with Miss Ruth Levin, Lyndhurst Avenue, has left for home.

• • •

Mrs. E. F. Singer, Wells Hill Avenue, left Thursday night for New York where she will spend about ten days.

• • •

Mrs. M. Mehr, Lyndhurst Avenue, returned on Tuesday from a few days' stay in Buffalo, N.Y.

• • •

Captain Lillian C. Smith, St. George Street, will entertain the 69th. Toronto Company of Girl Guides, at tea, Sunday afternoon at her home. She will be assisted by Mrs. Harry List and Misses Jeannette Koznets and Molly Lerner.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Phillips and family, Lauder Avenue, have returned recently from a trip to Cornwall, Ont.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth de Sola Joseph and family, Lauder Avenue, have just returned from a trip to Montreal where they were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Wolff, Westmount, and Quebec where they visited with Mr. Joseph's father, Montefiore Joseph.

• • •

Mrs. A. L. Shapiro, Stibbard Avenue, Mrs. William Harris, Beverley Street; and Mrs. F. Harris, D'arcy Street, are leaving Friday for a motor trip to New York.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. M. Zahler and family, formerly of 17 Highbourne Road, are now in their new home at No. 884 Avenue Road.

• • •

Mrs. Alfred King and daughter, Frances, Avenue Road, are visiting in Buffalo, N. Y., for a few days.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. S. Bookman and children, Belle and Sydney, Rushton Road, are home after spending the winter in Miami Beach, Fla.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Scher, Markham Street, were at home Sunday evening to some of their friends.

• • •

Mrs. M. Rogul, Wells Hill Avenue, entertained at a tea on Sunday last. Mesdames George Stambler, I. Goldberg, D. Goodman, and D. Kertzer were the assistants.

• • •

Miss Rose Ennis, of Preston, Ont., was hostess on Sunday evening last at an informal gathering, to the following: Misses Ruby Levy, Fanny and Sara Enushevsky, Helen Cohen of Guelph, Ont., Lillian Goldstein of Galt, Eva Ennis, Ida Samuels, Sara Gordon; and Phil Lepovitch, Maurice Lepovitch, Ben Leibow, Sydney Miller and Harry Leibow all of Hamilton and Phil Albert, of Toronto.

• • •

Mrs. B. Ludwig, Lauder Avenue, entertained at a surprise birthday party in honor of her daughter Mildred's 15th birthday. Present were: Misses Dorothy and Anne Mannis, Anne Saeger, Cecille Pullan, Lillian Bregman, Lillian Heit, Frances Fine; and Gerald King, Ben Wurtzel, George Donnenfield, Ben Weinstock, Elliot Marris, Al Goldenberg, Ernest Steinberg, Harvey Palter, Al Cohen, Melvin Cohen, Arthur Cohen, and Bernard Laski.

• • •

Mrs. J. Soltz, Manning Avenue, is home after spending the past ten days with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bernstein, of Greensburg, Pa.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Soles, St. Clements Avenue, were hosts Saturday evening last to some of their friends at bridge.

• • •

Sam Cohen, Cheritan Avenue; Louis Coldoff, Maplewood Avenue; and Jack Cowan, Westmount Avenue; and H. Harris, spent the week-end in Montreal.

• • •

Mrs. B. W. Birn, Glenholme Avenue, is home after spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Adelman, of Montreal.

• • •

Mrs. A. Rosenthal, Russell Hill Road, leaves the end of this week for Syracuse, N.Y., where she will be the guest of her sister-in-law and brother, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Phillips.

• • •

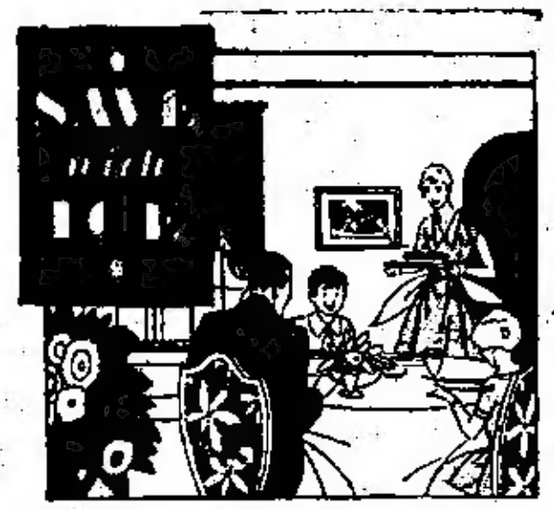
Mr. and Mrs. M. Miller, Dundas St. West, had as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Michnick and Miss Marjory Rodney, of Hamilton, for the holiday week-end.

• • •

A party in honor of Al Fink, formerly of Detroit, Mich., was held at the home of Mac Nash, Manning Avenue, on Saturday evening last. Present were: Misses Myn Mindlin, Reta Bauman, Betty Nash, Bessie Tait, Tillie Mindlin, Sylvia Balfour; and Al Fink, Roy Berk, Al Burns, Harry Green, Harry Kandler and Mac Nash.

• • •

Miss Anne Matlossky, of New York is in town the guest of Miss Lillian Levenson, Brunswick Avenue.



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Dr. Harry Lipsett and Benjamin Lipsett, of Rochester, N. Y., were with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lipsett, Simcoe Street.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. M. Miller, Dundas Street West, were at home Sunday evening last to some of their friends in honor of Mr and Mrs. Lou Michnick and Miss Marjory Rodney, of Hamilton, Ont.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rapp and son, Mortimer, of Montreal, who have been visiting Mrs. Rapp's father, Nathan Smith, St. George Street, for the holidays, have left for home.

• • •

Mrs. M. H. Epstein, Hilton Avenue, returns home the latter part of this week from a trip to New York.

• • •

Miss Lillian C. Smith, St. George Street, was hostess at the tea hour

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Among Toronto Jewish Women

Mrs. M. L. Willinsky, 114 Bernard Avenue, says: "One of the most capable women of my acquaintance is Mrs. M. Mehr, of 121 Lyndhurst Avenue. For the past seven years she has been president of the Jewish Orphans' home. She lets nothing interfere with her communal work. She is always waiting for some particular meeting or an important drive to be over, before she will look after a personal need of her own. I have known her to leave the house for a meeting when she was ill enough to be in bed. Her work for the Hebrew Weston Sanitarium, of which she is also president, speaks for itself. A tremendous amount of good has been accomplished by this organization. Despite her many communal activities, however, she has never neglected her home nor her five splendid children."

on Sunday in honor of Miss Hannah Rosen, of New York. On Monday she entertained a number of her friends at tea.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hutner, Killarney Road, spent the week-end in Rochester, N.Y., with their son, Dr. Lawrence Hutner.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kluger, Lonsmount Drive, have left for New York whence they will sail on the S. S. Bremen for Leipsic, Germany. They will visit Mr. Kluger's mother and sister and will remain away indefinitely.

* * *

Mrs. Harry Mannis and daughter, Dorothy, Avenue Road, have left to spend a few days in Buffalo, N.Y.

* * *

Miss Mannia Taradash, Palmerton Boulevard, was hostess to the following Friday evening last at an informal dance: Misses Vera Creed, Ida Nesbitt, Lillian Levenson, Lena Soltz, Molly Lerner, Betty Soble, Rose Gassey, and Toy Sheinman; and Manny Segel, Dr. Harry Gerston, Irving Weinert, David Dyment, Irving Aaron, Mac Kamin, Benjamin Forer, and Ty Walstaff.

* * *

Miss Rose Goodman, Lennox Avenue, entertained at bridge on Sunday evening last.

Holy Blossom Synagogue
115-19 BOND STREET
Sunday, April 12th, at 11 a.m.
RABBI MAURICE N. EISENDRATH
will speak on
THE TEN GREATEST JEWS

Miss Rena Schaffer, Palmerston Boulevard, was hostess Sunday evening last to some of her friends at bridge.

* * *

Mrs. M. Rotenberg of Flint, Mich., is in town visiting with her sisters, Mrs. J. Sandy, Springhurst Avenue, and Mrs. J. Wilson, Queen Street West.

* * *

Miss Irma Paul, of Rochester, N.Y., is visiting with Mrs. E. I. Kenen, Bernard Avenue.

* * *

Miss Ronnie Pearson, Ossington Avenue, entertained some of her friends on Saturday evening last.

* * *

Misses Dorothy and Sue Stambler, Wells Hill Avenue, entertained Sunday evening last at an informal dance. Musical numbers were given by Channon Gelsin and Abraham Pratz.

* * *

Miss Esther Rachlin, Manning Avenue, was hostess Sunday evening at a bridge, in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harry Rachlin, of Buffalo, N. Y. Guests present were: Mrs. James Montagnes, Mrs. J. Flaxgold, Mrs. Charles Kay and Mrs. Charles Tick, of Detroit, Mich.; Misses Edith Silverberg, Lillian Soskin, Lillian Edinson, Ethel Starkman, Celia and Pearl Soltz and Rose Grober. Prizes were won by Mrs. James Montagnes, Mrs. Harry Rachlin and Miss Celia Soltz.

* * *

Mrs. Harry Palpish, Denison Square, entertained in honor of her daughter, Eve's birthday, Saturday evening last: Misses Betty Siegel, Kitty Sinukoff, Ida Sperling, Muriel Balfour, Jean Smith, Gertrude Klein; and Andy Skolnick, Samuel Yurman, M. Richmond, Mark Sherman, Murray Freed, Moe Zweigman and H. Starkman. Lucky number dance was won by Miss Gertrude Klein and Samuel Yurman.

* * *

Morris Landsberg, of Chicago, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Landsberg, Coxwell Avenue.

THE ENEMY'S GATES

(Continued from page 12)

"Hello—where've you been?" George asked behind her, touching her cheek with one finger.

"Oh—hello!" She turned and smiled at him.

While he followed her into the life, she remarked over her shoulder, "I've just come from the doctor's."

The grilled door slid shut. They stood close together now, face to face. All at once, George was aghast and half-sick. The upward motion of the carriage seemed to fan him off his feet. His eyebrows twitched up, asked the fateful question. She nodded a calm asset. That was all.

Five minutes afterwards, she sat on the bathtub, her legs crossed, and rhythmically swung one ankle while she smoothed out the gloves on her knee. "Yes, thank heaven I'm in for it at last," she exulted.

George, at the basin in his shirt-sleeves, was cleaning his teeth. Under the frothing paste, his mouth smiled and yet was strangely solemn. He removed the brush, gazed upon it in deep reflection and shook a slow remonstrative head at it. Less than a week ago, he had grumbled at Ann, "Where the devil have you hidden my toothbrush now? I do wish you'd let it stay on this book." She hadn't touched it; it turned out. He had been in such a hurry that morning, he'd left it on the side of the basin; the maid had found it and put it away in the cupboard with his shaving things. The proof of Ann's innocence, however, had not helped his temper much.

Now of a sudden it seemed incredible that he should ever have given way to such puny fits of resentment. Disgustedly he threw the toothbrush down; the gesture was significant — he was breaking, then and there, with the past.

"Well, I *am* glad—damned glad," he mumbled. He went over to Ann, took her chin in his wet right hand and, having wiped his mouth on his left arm, kissed her. Their tremendous chance had come to them.

They looked into each other's eyes during a long untroubled silence. At last, their glances wavered and dropped and they were both peering at her white gloves, as if at a baby that lay in her lap. Something that they could gaze at together, something that they could share — a child meant only that to them at present. They had found a means of deflecting their pained scrutiny from each other.

Wonderfully restful it had been for their minds, the period when the unborn child grew in Ann's body till it made her womb heavy and full as a ripening fruit. She had become a rooted part of nature. Bowed over the weight within her, she looked to the harvest time, to the day that would be a great tempest of release, shaking her burden to the ground. Throughout those months, she and George had talked little. Human speech sounded feeble and shrill in the quiet, like the chirring of crickets on a dark night when the ocean is near and calm and at flood. Sometimes they would not say a word for a whole half-hour, just sit holding hands; and then, with their ears laid upon the silence, they would seem to catch the rise and fall of a faint breathing. At such moments, they could almost have believed that they could feel the child grow where it lay hidden in Ann's body, could hear it stir. So overwhelming was the physical mystery that it held them spell-bound; their minds slept. Life had simplified itself to a mere thoughtless trance, a listening for the first tremor of a new pulse.

(Continued next week)

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Travel Now a Real Pleasure

Looking at England

Oxford is a convenient point of departure for a swing through East Anglia and the adjacent counties of Bucks, Huntington, Bedford, and Cambridge. On leaving Oxford, we turn north by east to Bicester, and then a trifle more easterly to Buckingham, distant about twenty-seven miles. Bending still further eastward, we pass through Stony Stratford, Wolverton, Newport Pagnell, all remarkable for their quaint names, and arrive at Bedford, where a good lunch may be obtained at the Swan or the George. Bedford is famous as the home of John Bunyan, the tinker whose prose is more widely read than any other work in English — the Bible only excepted. In the County Gaol at Bedford, Bunyan spent something over twelve years, although he was apparently never legally convicted. His offence was that he "devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to Church to hear Divine Service, and was a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles" — an accusation that seems strange indeed in these days of religious toleration in England. Bedford is also renowned for its association with John Howard, who with Elizabeth Fry, did so much to alleviate the terrible conditions of prisoners, not only in England, but all over the world, and who may be regarded as the father of all the Prisoners' Welfare Associations.

On leaving Bedford we turn north once more to Peterborough. This ancient town grew up around a great monastery (founded c. 656); and has been a separate diocese since the days of Henry VIII, its temporalities deriving from the dissolution of the monasteries. Originally a Saxon foundation, the present Cathedral is almost entirely Norman of the very best type. The whole place was practically sacked by Cromwell's soldiery; and stained glass carving, sculptures, and monuments were ruthlessly destroyed. Henry VIII's first Queen, Catherine of Aragon, is buried here. About eight miles and a half from Peterborough are the ruins of Crowland Abbey, well worth a visit. This whole country and its history is wonderfully described in Kingsley's "Hereward," a book which gives a fine and accurate picture of life immediately after the Conquest. If it is desired to break the journey from Oxford to Norwich at this point—which is advisable—the Great Northern Hotel or the Bull will provide comfortable quarters.

From Peterborough we proceed almost due east to King's Lynn, a very ancient sea-port, although distant three miles from the sea now. The Guildhall is a fine example of Tudor architecture; and the town was the birth-place of Captain George Vancouver, the navigator who gave his name to our own Canadian city. An industry peculiar to King's Lynn is the manufacture of "Merry-Go-Rounds," some of which sell for as much as £3000.

From King's Lynn we have the choice of two routes to Norwich: the first by the sea-coast through Hunstanton, Wells, Cromer and Aylsham; the second and shorter by way of Swaffham and East Dereham. Norwich (Maid's Head Hotel) dates from the Conquest, and was made an Episcopal See by William Rufus. It is famous now for its manufactures of boots and shoes, also of mustard and beer. It also claims to have the oldest newspaper in England to be published under the original name — "Norwich Mercury." The Cathedral is the chief point of interest, and contains the grave of Edith Cavell, the martyred English nurse. In the church of St. Peter Mancroft is buried Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the "Religio Medici" — that best of all bedside books. George Borrow's "Lavengro" has an eloquent description of Norwich as seen from Mousehold Heath.

From Norwich we turn South again en route for Ipswich, passing through Newton Flotman, Long Stratton, Scole, Thornham Parva, and East Stonham. In Ipswich we may stay at the Great White Horse Hotel, where Mr. Pickwick had his most embarrassing adventure with the lady in yellow curl papers. As the reader no doubt remembers, the sequel to this was Mr. Pickwick's appearance before Mr. Nupkins, the magistrate of Ipswich, in whose house the irrepressible Sam Weller

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Campaigns that Inspire

(Continued from page 1)

while. They encase the vital nerve of Jewish reality. The Talmud Torah and the Keren Hayesod deal with the ultimate in Jewish life. They touch the factors that make for the very existence of the Jews as a group entity. Some of the leaders may not themselves fully realise the implications of the activities which they foster, but they perform a valuable function. And when campaigns for institutions like the Talmud Torah and the Keren Hayesod are launched, the community assumes a cheering holiday air. The ideals for which they stand become articulate and they fill the atmosphere with a note of joyousness and hopefulness. The leaders become transfigured into dreamers and idealists, and the responsive public into inspired enthusiasts.

It will be a sad day for the Jewish people when campaigns for institutes of learning and Palestine will be no more. We wish the pending local campaigns godspeed and we hope that there will ever be need of them, stronger and better—with a response that will be gratifying and encouraging.

A.B.B.

ANNUAL CAMPAIGN

APRIL 13th—19th

CAMPAIGN BANQUET, MON., APRIL 13th.

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met the pretty housemaid. Ipswich is famous also as the birth-place of Cardinal-Archbishop Wolsey, who was the son of a local butcher. The Church of St. Margaret is an interesting specimen of Decorated and Perpendicular; and other worth while places are the Museum, the "Ancient House" in the Butter Market, and Wolsey's Gateway.

The route from Ipswich to Cambridge is full of interest. The vicarage garden at Stowmarket contains a mulberry tree reputed to have been planted by the poet Milton himself. Fourteen miles further on, we find ourselves in Bury St. Edmunds, so called from being the scene of the burial of St. Edmund, last king of East Anglia. His grave was long the object of pilgrimage for the devout of that country. Here also the English barons drew up the petition which became the basis of Magna Charta in 1215. In the Angel Hotel, Sam Weller first met the lachrymose Job Trotter, and suffered defeat at his hands. At the entrance to the Cathedral Church of St. James is a fine Norman tower; and in St. Mary's Church lies the remains of Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII, wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and heroine of Major's romantic novel "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Within a few miles of Bury are to be found good examples of Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Georgian houses.

Leaving Bury we soon reach Newmarket, the great centre of English horse-racing — both on the flat and over the jumps. It was a favourite resort of Charles II, and "poor Nellie's" house is still pointed out. At Newmarket we digress from the direct route to include Ely in our tour —a small city, but very interesting. It was around Ely that Hereward the Wake made his last stand against the invading Normans. The history of the town is the history of the Cathedral, which is one of the largest in England. In it is represented five different periods of architecture — from Norman and Early English, through Decorated and Perpendicular to modern construction. The marvel is that the whole structure is harmonious in detail and effect. It lends itself well to the study of architectural evolution in England. The great central Octagon is unique, and the roof forms the only Gothic dome in existence. Ely was the residence of Oliver Cromwell.

After inspecting the treasures of Ely we can return south to Cambridge, the Bridge on the Cam, as Oxford is the Ford of the Oxen. Cambridge is the seat of one of the two great English Universities, and it is hard to decide which of the two is the more beautiful, although Oxford possesses more natural advantages. Several days should be devoted to Cambridge, and we shall attempt no description of it here. Like Oxford, it would require a book to itself. We content ourselves with saying that King's, St. John's, Trinity, and Queen's Colleges, the Round Church and the Fitzwilliam Museum positively must be seen. To this list perhaps might be added Caius, the College of the great Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

When we have satisfied our longings for things academic at Cambridge, we turn our faces to the south again for the sixty mile drive to London, passing through Great Chesterford on the border of Cambridgeshire, and then making a slight detour from Littlebury to Saffron Walden, where there are some fascinating timbered dwellings, and a ruined castle. Returning to the Highroad at Audley End, we pause for a few minutes to inspect the magnificent Jacobean mansion of the same name. Continuing on our way we reach Bishop's Stortford, the birth-place of the founder of the Rhodes scholarships. Near Bishop's Stortford is Dunmow, where an interesting and ancient custom is still observed. An old legacy provides for the presentation of a flitch of bacon to any married couple who will solemnly attest that during the previous year they have not had a cross word or thought, or who "had not repented them, sleeping or waking of their marriage." It is worth while turning off the highroad at Epping to reach Cheshunt via Waltham Abbey, the burial place of King Harold the Saxon. In Cheshunt Churchyard are some graves of historical interest, among them those of Richard Cromwell and some of his servants. A private dwelling in Cheshunt, in which this writer has stayed, is by local tradition (unverified), the summer house of the Spanish Ambassador to Queen Elizabeth.

From Cheshunt we reach Enfield where the Royal Small Arms factory is situated, and a little further on Edmonton, "unto the Bell" in which place John Gilpin and his spouse repaired to celebrate their wedding. The Bell is still standing, and carrying on business. Thence through Tottenham and into London. In a previous article we have considered the subject of seeing London in detail, so we shall add nothing here. We would suggest however, that the car should be garaged during the stay in London, as the traffic is tremendously heavy; and as the traffic regulations are very complicated driving is trying for strangers. So it is better to place one's dependence in taxicabs and other means of transportation. We offer no suggestion as to hotels in London, as they exist in such wide variety that it is possible for every taste to be suited.

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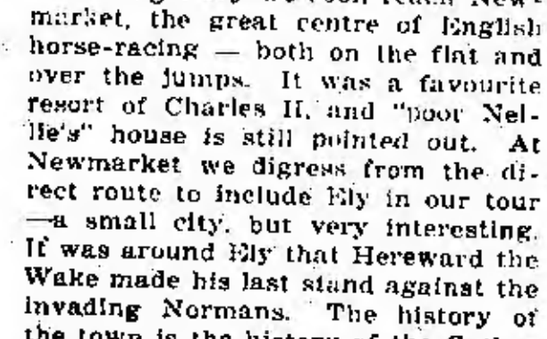

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TALMUD TORAH TO RAISE $25,000

Toronto Hebrew Free School, (9 Brunswick Ave.) Campaign for $25,000.00, opens with a banquet Monday, April 13 with E. Pullan as Chairman of the Campaign. Organizations assisting are the Hadassah, Massada Zionist Social, the Bnai Brith, Holy Blossom Men's Club, Goel Zedec Mens Club, Knights of Pythias and others.

Saturday, April 4, Alderman J. J. Glass spoke over radio Station C. K. G. W. and on Thursday, April 9th, Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath over station C.K.N.C. and on Saturday, April 11th, Rabbi S. Sachs will speak over station C.F.R.B. Synagogues were addressed during the Passover holidays.

Rabbi A. M. Ashinsky of Detroit, Michigan, connected with Jewish educational activities in the United States, will be the principal speaker at Monday's banquet.

Campaign committee: Chairman: Elias Pullan. Vice-Chairmen: L. Brodey, S. Harris, Rev. M. Kaplan, N. Smith. Hon. Secretary: C. I. Benjamin. Treasurer: N. Muscovitz.

Banquet Committee: Rabbi J. Gordon, Mrs. P. James, M. Clavir, Chas. Sher, L. Shekter.

E. Pullan, Chairman, Talmud Torah Campaign Committee.

M. Gelber, President, Toronto Hebrew Free School

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JEWISH BOYS' CLUB

Central Branch: Aces group, Mentor, I. Weinert; and the Herzl Group, Mentor, Joe Kopman, and D. Rose are planning hikes for Sunday. Paul Sherman is starting a miniature golf course in the rear of the Clubhouse. In the Interbranch Minor Debating Series Peter Margolis and Sydney Gluck won for Park. Against Aces, Joe Tishler and Archie Otto won for Disraelis. J. Meyers and Arthur Zaldin won for Park against Central, J. Sandler and B. Shiffman. Track meet: Potato Race, C. Goldstein, J. Siegal, M. Kline. Standing Broad Jump, C. Goldstein, J. Siegal, C. Solnick. Foul Shooting, J. Siegal, H. Rappaport, L. Bolmille. 13 years and under: Standing Broad: B. Shaffel, M. Snitman, H. Lapidus. Potato Race, H. Lapidus, H. Goldstein, S. Goldenberg, N. Sher. Foul Shooting, M. Frohman, H. Goldstein, M. Perlmutter. 11 years and under: Standing Broad Jump, L. Weinstein, B. Kassler, S. Plisimaker. Potato Race, B. Garr, I. Milrod, M. Posner.

Fraser Centre. In the Checker tournament the leaders are Harold Mendelson and Albert Bossin. The Short Story Contest winners are Albert Bossin, Harry Shapiro and Morris Wabiloff. Other speakers were Eddie Goldstein; Harry Greenberg; Sam Berman, Mickey Fineberg, Harold Smith; Sam Grossman, David Shapiro; and Willie Rub'n. Allan Albert won the Oratory medal. Fred Samuels, of Park Centre, spoke to the Herzls of Fraser on "The Festival of Freedom". Minors will be represented in debating by Sid Gluck and Carl Chinsky; Majors by J. Meyers and Arthur Zaldin. Peter Rahmin is minor Checker champion. Track meet: Rotstein, H. Margolis, N. Weiser, Joe Chinsky, S. Sugarman, L. Bernstein, S. Rubenstein, W. Labovitz, K. Chinsky. Standing Broad Jump: Class 1.—H. Margolis, N. Weiser, J. Rotstein. 2.—M. Greenberg, S. Rose, B. Swartz, Class 3.—S. Rubenstein, P. Margolis. Herzl Debators, S. Gluck and K. Chinsky affirmative, won from the West End. Subject: "Resolved that Herzl was a greater Jew than Moses".

Wanderers, L. Pasternak and L. Shankman, won from West End. Subject: "Resolved that the invention of machinery did more harm than good." West End Branch: In the interbranch competitions: checker, Al Swartz; debating, M. Madonick and M. Kogan; W. Rosen and I. Salkin; billiards, D. Greenblatt and W. Rosen; ping pong, A. Swartzman; track meet, foul throw, I. Reznick. Broad jump, W. Rosen. Potato race, I. Reznick.

Patronize the Jewish

Review Advertisers

Rabbi Elsendrath's Editorial

(Continued from page 1)

Particularly does this plague afflict us here in Toronto. It must be admitted, to be sure, that not here alone is Mammon king, not here alone are the needs of the higher life swept aside in our hectic pursuit of gold, but rarely is this worship of the Almighty Dollar so complete, so abject, and unrelenting as it seems to be in our midst. When fortune smiles upon us, we give; niggardly enough, to be sure; and even then the scenes wherein men of wealth, men who live as princes and pass not a single luxury by, must be cajoled and begged and insulted and berated, wherein men *must be, yea, even inebriated in order to give a few paltry pennies to the poor* — such scenes, so far as our personal knowledge is concerned, are unparalleled elsewhere. When, however, for a moment the sun of our economic affluence is eclipsed by the clouds of depression or fallen markets, then everything in our community must come to a standstill; the labor of years must be swept aside, the organizations which we have arduously toiled to create are, regretfully to be sure, but none the less callously, to be sloughed aside as secondary considerations. If the payrolls of our philanthropic institutions cannot be met, then men — some of them — of unmeasured means, meeting around the banquet table, decide that the day can be saved only by certain immediate dismissals; *the expenses of charitable enterprises, like the overhead of pants factories and cloak and suit shops must be curtailed;* entrenchment must include even our religious and communal activities. If Boys' Clubs and Girls' Clubs that have saved scores from Juvenile Courts and detention homes are too costly to maintain in these times *when there are fewer coupons to clip,* then their staffs must be reduced —these seem the only alternatives; never for a moment do we permit ourselves to forego a single indulgence — to say nothing of even sacrificing a single meal.

The mention of sacrificing a single meal must indeed bring a smile to the lips of all. What do we know of sacrifice of any kind; much less of denying ourselves such a necessity as pampering our petted bodies and feeding our fattened flesh, regardless of the fact that others starve. Well might we consider the words of that Great Soul of India, the Mahatma Gandhi. "We are all thieves in a way," he said. "As long as I have more than enough for the satisfaction of my most basic needs, I am thieving from somebody else." Sacrifice, indeed! *Who can tell of any pleasure jaunts foregone, any Southern excursions denied, any parties cancelled, any fur coats and dinner gowns returned, of any club memberships resigned* — not because we cannot afford them, but because others are hungry, bereft of clothes and shelter. And so our Federation, our Talmud Torahs, our Old Folks' homes, our Synagogues, go abegging while the waters of the spirit, of a charity and generosity which have ever marked the Jewish people, turn to the blood of Mammon, to the Gold of our greedy, grasping lives.

And the second plague was called "Tse-phar-de' a," or frogs. Now these frogs that came up from the Nile and crept all over the land were not so obnoxious in themselves; it was their constant and continuous croaking that well nigh drove the Egyptians mad. As one writer puts it: "Toward midnight the Egyptians were awakened by a noise like the tinkling of a bell, at first so small that it seemed like the echo of a dream. But gradually the sound increased; and became a harsh ringing, then a loud booming, then a jangle, then a cacophanous unison of all these sounds combined, so that sleep became impossible for anyone within the entire kingdom from the porter outside the gate to the Pharoah within his palace. Indeed, it was his blatant and raucous noise that really constituted the second plague."

What a brash and noisy world it is in which we live today; a day of screeching sirens and bellowing horns, a day of roaring planes, clattering trams and trucks, and incessantly barking radios. Who then listens to the command of conscience, who hearkens to the voice of duty, when either duty or conscience might interfere with the loud and clamorous merry-go-round of our present social whirl. Ask a man or a woman to give a bit of their otherwise squandered time to do something for somebody else or to help in some worthy cause, and with few exceptions, unless there is some special honor or distinction, some fine sounding title or general homage attached thereto, and they will prefer to go to the movies or listen to some maudlin crooner over the radio. Synagogues may be deserted; meetings called to consider vital community problems may be ignored, worthy lectures may be scorned, but the cinema theatres are crowded to the doors and long queues wind along the sidewalks waiting, sometimes hours, to see some sentimental or stupid show. We are out for a good time; the jingle and jangle of the jazz age deafen us to the spiritual needs of the hour; if every worthy cause must halt while we amuse ourselves, so be it. On with the dance, let joy be unconfined; and oftimes, *unrefined*, as well. The plague of *Paganism*, of the ever croaking and clangorous frogs is upon us.

Close upon the heels of our pagan pursuit of pleasure is the plague of *Selfishness*, which, like the "murrain" and "blains" that attacked both people and cattle, throughout the whole of Egypt, likewise afflicts us today. To be ever out for our own enjoyment soon renders us utterly callous and indifferent to the obligations which as members of a community we owe to others. With the exception of one or two modest structures, *this community of forty odd thousand Jews has built not a single prepossessing and adequate structure within the present generation — charitable, social, or religious.* Whereas other cities point with pride to their Jewish hospitals, their Jewish Centers, their Y.M.H.A.'s, their Children's Homes, their magnificent Houses of Worship, their Infirmaries and Clinics, *we limp and stumble along with our miserable and wretched facilities, many of them a disgrace to the civilization in which we live.* Our Old Folks' Home would cause any Jew with a sense of decency to blush with shame; our Boys' Club was outmoded a generation or two ago; while even this Holy Blossom Synagogue, having on its roster of members some of the most representative Jews in the entire Dominion — in a neighborhood of bawdy houses, with painted harlots at their windows and drunkards reeling down the streets — here we send our children, our young daughters and sons, and care not the slightest in what surroundings they find the House of their God; here we seem perfectly satisfied with Religious School facilities that any humanitarian would flagrantly condemn. Yet gaily we go our way, and we even muzzle those more hopeful souls who would keep awake the dream of a better day. Forget all about such foolishness, we command. Dare not to speak such things; stop working for a far off and impossible goal. Call off your bazaars and benefits; they might cost us a few dollars. So "hard times", we cry, and are naive enough to think that our lying subterfuge is believed — but *times have not always been hard, and in those long years during which we have laid scarcely a single brick upon brick to build decent houses of worship or social centers for our youth or adequate refuges for our poor, it would be humiliating indeed to compute the wealth that has been squandered on selfish joys or the fortunes spent on our own commodious and lavishly furnished homes.* Yea, "where there is no vision, the people perish"; and we are perishing as a stupor, a hopelessness, and a lethargy have crept over us and have paralyzed our communal and congregational life.

Selfishness, and with it all *Hypocrisy*, like the plague of blains eating into the very heart of our community life. Lame excuses, procrastination, continuous delay — all to cover up our patent lack of will. This is a very religious community strictly Orthodox in fact; we are constantly being reminded. What do we mean by Religious? What do we mean by Orthodoxy? If we mean becoming *fearfully superstitious whenever the grim angel of death stalks into our midst and insisting at such a time upon a host of savage rites;* if we mean being terribly punctillious about searching out a few stray crumbs of "Hometz," and carefully changing all our dishes and utensils at Pesach time, or being sure to shatter a glass at the nuptial altar — then this Community, nay, even many in this Congregation, are very orthodox indeed. But if we mean by Orthodoxy a devout and pious veneration for those two sacred institutions which more than anything else have made for Jewish survival — the *Synagogue* and the *Sabbath* — then we have outreformed even our much maligned Reform Rabbis. Orthodox, forsooth. What a slander on a truly rich and beautiful Orthodoxy. Pretension, fear, superstition, hypocrisy, as we shout from the housetops our condemnation of Reform, as we prate of Jewish values, and Jewish customs, and Jewish culture, and Jewish homelands, and at the same time forsake the Synagogue and forget the Sabbath. Hypocrisy too, the reasons we give. "The coercion of Western economic life." Ah, yes, we are fully sympathetic with those whose very lives depend on earning their bread even on the Sabbath — although if they were really so Orthodox and so passionately Jewish as they pretend, even that they would forego; but with these poor souls we have small quarrel; life is hard enough. But what of those multitudes, particularly of this congregation, who by some strange irony *find that it is only possible to leave their offices or their shops in the afternoons, never in the morning; that their businesses permit their absence only for horse racing or golf; never for worship or religious service.* And what of the women *who must market on the Sabbath morning, so that their afternoons are free for cards.* Ah yes, we are an orthodox, a very orthodox community. The plagues of Hypocrisy and Selfishness are destroying our very honesty and morale.

We return to an earlier plague that afflicted the Egyptians. It was called "Kinim." Now "Kinim" are *lice* and it was not a very edifying experience for those arrogant Egyptians to be thus harassed by these insignificant and tiny hosts of parasites. They preferred to deal with monsters; it was humiliating indeed to succumb to these common fleas. Yet how many civilizations have vanished into oblivion through the ravages of microscopic germs. The energies of Greece, we are told, were sapped by typhoid, and thus a great world empire was forced to yield to an infinitesimal foe.

So in our lives it is not always the obvious, most easily recognized, blatant vices that do the greatest harm. We too are oftimes destroyed by such plagues of *Little Things.* Into our moral lives there creep, like those insidious fleas, the petty spites and personal grudges that destroy our entire communal life. *Where are silly piques and foolish acrimonies nursed so long and with such bitterness of feeling than right here in our own midst? Where are stupid jealousies and hateful animosities more rampant, thus destroying the unity and effectiveness of our common life together?*

Loudly we prate, "Kol Yisroel Haverim," and we are split in twain; nay, we are split into a myriad of disparate parts; *one disdainful of the other; another envious, another rabidly intolerant of any difference of opinion, another aristocratically proud of its place of birth, another too rich to mingle with the less "lucky," another fearful that not sufficient honor will be its own.* Everywhere discord and dissonance; each pulling for itself, each greedy for its own reward. The plague of "Kinim," *Pettiness,* drives us to distraction and renders the unity of Israel a laughing stock and a farce.

We must hurry on. Each plague might warrant a sermon in itself. "Orov," or the plague of beasts — how suggestive of the Bestiality which frequently characterizes even us as Jews; the "dog eat dog" ethic of our times, which has not left us unscathed. We have known of children fighting like beasts over their beloved parent's will; we have known of cut throat and criminal competition between Jew and fellow Jew, the "Rachmones," the gentle quality of mercy is not today the universal distinction of the Jew; the cry for blood, the plague of beasts, has made us, like our neighbours, hard and cold and callous and cruel.

I think of "Borod," the hard slashing hail as the *dead weight of Tradition* which sometimes hangs so heavily over us and which vitiates the beauty and radiance, the spontaneity and vitality of our contemporary life. Tradition is good, *provided it becomes not a sacred fetish and provided it is not worshipped as a holy end in itself.* You remember the doggerel about the calf that

> One day through a primeval wood
> Walked home, as good calves should;
> But made a trail all bent askew,
> A crooked trail as all calves do.
> How many men wind in and out,
> And dodge and turn and twist about,
> And utter words of righteous wrath
> Because 'tis such a crooked path.
> But still they follow — do not laugh —
> The first migration of that calf.
> They follow all his crooked way,
> And lose a hundred years a day.
> For thus such reverence is lent
> To well established precedent.

So do we act exactly as our fathers did before us, often for no other reason than that it has become "well established precedent." And woe betide him who would lead us in a new and straighter path; who would reveal to us a new and mayhap a much better way.

Were it not for apathy and indifference, perhaps the plague of locusts might not have gained such headway in Egypt; were it not for our utter *Indolence* and *Inertia,* most of these flagrant and festering diseases would long since have been routed from our midst. It is our lackadaisical nonchalance that well nigh drives our leaders to distraction. They are oftimes criticised for finding inspiration elsewhere than among their own; yet attend the meetings of Men's Clubs or Sisterhoods, whose programs must be short and snappy and must be adjourned at a specified time *that even the few who attend might hurry on to their more important and absorbing pursuits;* come to Sabbath morning service, or count your co-religionists *among the throngs that worship with us on Sunday mornings, who, strange as it might seem to the scoffers, appear to find something of inspiration, of worth, and of mental of moral value in our midst,* and you will find full reason why those who have come into this pulpit, burning with zeal and fervor, have been forced to find stimulus and support in the ranks of strangers. *There, at least, there is some response to their messages of social idealism, there is interest in religious problems and communal concerns.* We — ah — we are profoundly and intensely concerned with such weighty problems *as ace bidding and hockey stars.* With disappointment and sorrow searing his soul, but fearful lest this will be his ultimate fate likewise, your rabbis are oftimes driven to seek refuge somewhere where something more than a constant spirit of suspended animation and chronic stupor is manifested toward spiritual things.

Darkness has ever been the symbol of *Ignorance.* Dense darkness reigns today in Israel. Once the proud "people of the book," once a race of scholars and learned men, we have become "Amé haarets" all; scarcely acquainted with the most superficial teachings of our faith. Small wonder then that *we cling so tenaciously and fanatically to the few traditions we know, and are swept this way and that by professional propagandists who would have us believe that the whole salvation of Judaism is contained in the particular nostrum they would sell.* It is a darkness, a thick black darkness that can be felt — and it is being felt as our children are growing up in abject ignorance of their faith.

The mention of children brings us to the final plague, the "Makos Bechoros," the "slaying of the first born," the only plague that compelled Pharoah at last to let the people go; the most terrible and destructive plague of all. And so, it is with us. All these horrifying afflictions culminate in the sacrifice, nay, *the spiritual slaughter of our children.* We are actually murdering their souls, stifling their nobler selves, and sacrificing them to our miserably mean and earthly aims. What will they care for the Synagogue; what will they care for communal responsibility, when these things are daily flouted before their very eyes? Your rabbis cannot save them; they cannot rally your adolescent boys and girls around the Synagogue when you pay it such small heed, when you have not enough respect for this sacred House of God to take it out of this miserable neighborhood and to grant to your religion as decent a habitation as you grant to your pampered selves. *Very quickly will that Philanthropic spirit which we strive to inculcate in the Religious School be crushed when they learn that their fathers' subscriptions to charity have been cut because the stocks have crashed, although not a single other expenditure has been curtailed. Swiftly will the joy of service which we endeavor to impart be gone, when they are encouraged by their own mothers, by precept as well as example, that personal pleasure comes first. "Makos Bechoros,"* — accursed are we, as, like the primitive of old, in our satanic indifference, we too sacrifice our children to the idols of our hearts.

Ten Plagues which afflict Toronto Jewry today — *Materialism, Paganism, Selfishness, Hypocrisy, Pettiness, Brutality, Dead Traditionalism, Apathy, Ignorance and Child Sacrifice* — terrible, tragic, devastating curses, that are destroying us as a Community, body and soul. What can we do about this sorry plight? Our forefathers pointed the way. If only we did not so blindly worship the letter of the law, perhaps we could catch its spirit. "Bedikas Hometz," is a quaint and pregnant custom. But how absurd merely to cleanse our houses of physical leaven, yea, even to be so meticulate as to sprinkle crumbs of bread into the corners that we might find something to remove. There is plenteous leaven to purge; but it is not in the corners of our fastidiously tidied homes; *it is in the deeper recesses of our perverted hearts.* There let us search for leaven, there may we remove all the sodden vices which drag us so to the ground and restrain us from mounting toward the heights of a noble, moral and spiritual life. Let us cleanse the corners of our souls, let us burn every vestige of our shameful doings, let us be chastened at last, and remove from our community these dreadful and death dealing plagues.

God grant that at this Passover season, some Moses may appear in our midst to lead us forth from our degrading bondage. Moses, we must remember, arose from the people. He was not a priest, or rabbi. He was the adopted son of Pharoah's daughter. From the mansion of the powerful, out of luxury and wealth uncounted, he went to save his brethren. He was not extraordinarily gifted. He was heavy of tongue and stammered. But courage was his, and daring too. He willed to set his people free, and he persevered until his dream came true. May such a leader arise from our own midst. Courageous, daring, lofty-visioned, and true to lead us forth, in the words of our Haggadah, "from slavery to freedom, from sorrow to joy, from mourning to festive gladness, from darkness unto light."

GIVE TO THE TALMUD TORAH

None of the plagues mentioned above is more desiccating and deadly than the darkness of dense ignorance which maintains in our midst. We are all woefully lacking in any real knowledge of our tradition, our language, our history and our faith.

Any institution which strives heroically to keep ablaze the flickering taper of Jewish lore and learning is worthy of the fullest support of our entire Jewish community. No such institution is doing better service in this direction than is our *Talmud Torah.* For some unknown reason, this splendid institution has been identified only with a limited group, and others have felt that they owe no obligation to the Talmud Tora whatsoever. This is an altogether erroneous idea. The Talmud Torah serves the entire community — Orthodox and Reform. It helps to enrich our Jewish life and therefore merits the full hearted support of every Jew in Toronto.

It is nigh unto languishing for lack of cooperation and adequate contribution to its budget. On Monday evening next, April 13th., they are launching a drive for $25,000, every penny of which is necessary to keep the doors of this House of Learning open. By all means attend this opening banquet to be held at the Talmud Torah Auditorium, if you can, but if circumstances necessitate your absence, do not fail to send as large a contribution as possible to the Talmud Torah Campaign Fund, 9 Brunswick Avenue.